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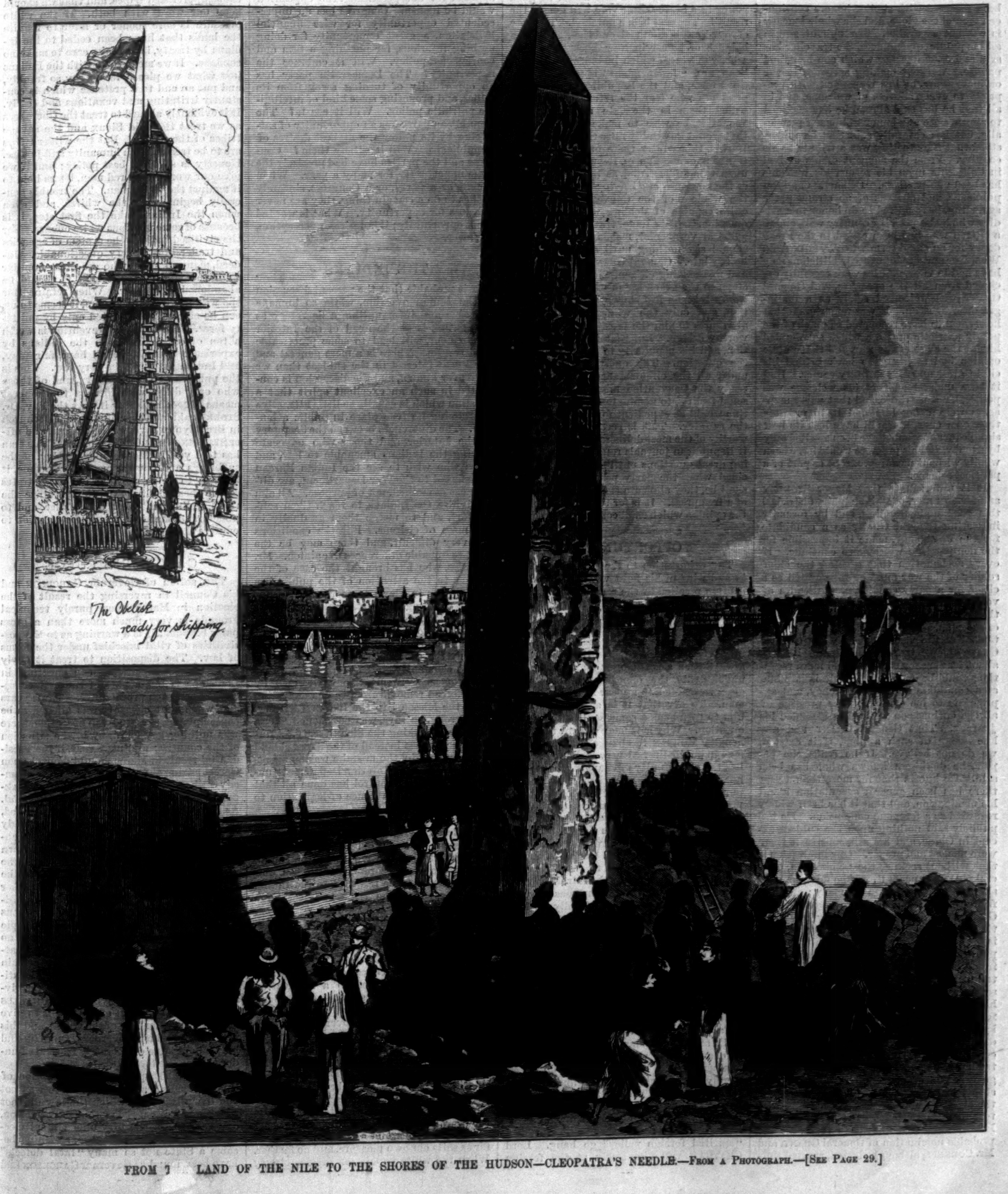

FROM T[illegible] LAND OF THE NILE TO THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 29.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 10, 1880.

☞ *With this issue of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive the New-Year's Number of* Harper's Young People, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

The issue of Harper's Young People *No. 9, containing illustrations and reading matter of the most varied and attractive character, will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

GENERAL GRANT.

The prolonged tour of General Grant around the world may be said to have ended with his reception by the Chamber of Commerce in Philadelphia, the city at which the tour began. It has been an event without precedent. No American has ever been received with similar honors continuous around the globe, and the whole journey is without a parallel. Throughout, and in all his public appearances, the traveller has said and done nothing which can be called unwise. Without making speeches in the ordinary sense, he has responded with propriety to every address of welcome, and in all that he has said abroad he has declined to appropriate any honor to himself personally, but has carefully said that he understood that the greeting was a tribute to his country. From the moment of his arrival in California upon his return his welcome has been non-partisan. Democrats and Republicans, and citizens of no strong party sympathy, have united to do honor to a soldier who had served his country well, and to a citizen who had been called to the Presidency for an equal term with Washington. Whatever purpose interested politicians may have had in view, politics were carefully excluded from all the speeches, and General Grant was welcomed solely as a distinguished American. It was remarkable that he seemed to have recovered so much of the purely patriotic prestige which surrounded him at the close of the war, and that public opinion had tacitly gone back behind his civil to rest upon his military career. Had it been understood that his welcome was political, not patriotic, and that party managers were using him and it to promote their own ends, it would have lost its best significance, it would have been swelled only by a party, and his progress would have been wholly without meaning, except as part of a political scheme.

It is unfortunate that Mayor Stokley and Mr. Forney, of Philadelphia, disturbed this good understanding, and by formally indicating General Grant as a candidate for the Presidency, made it impossible for the non-partisan welcome to continue. If every acclamation that greeted the chief soldier of the war must be interpreted as a cheer for a party candidate, multitudes of voices would be silenced. It is said, indeed, that the speech of Mayor Stokley was part of the plan, and that it was deliberately intended at the very moment when General Grant's long journey ended, and he was about leaving for Cuba, and no more receptions could be offered him, to designate him as a candidate for the Presidency, and appropriate to his candidacy the prestige of all the enthusiasm which has attended his journey. That General Grant had any knowledge of such a plan, if it existed, we do not believe. If he reads the papers, he doubtless knows what has been said. He knows that for more than a year there has been general speculation about his nomination, and that it has been widely regarded as a foregone conclusion. He has publicly said nothing upon the subject except in China, and his allusions to it there were modest and proper. Our impression is that without seeking the nomination, General Grant expects it. If he does, he only shares the expectation of many; and the frank declaration of Mayor Stokley, in General Grant's presence, fairly brings up the question for practical consideration. It is a question of expediency within the Republican party. It is not a question that involves General Grant's personal character, which nobody assails, nor his patriotic services, which fill a brilliant chapter of our history, nor their recognition by the country, for he has been honored, like Washington, by an election to two terms of the Presidency. It does not, indeed, in the true sense, concern General Grant at all, but the country and the government. For this is not a government of persons, but of laws. We stated last week that by common consent the electoral vote of New York is essential to Republican success. In the late election Mr. Cornell was known to represent the probable nomination of General Grant, and Mr. Cornell, although elected, wanted thirty thousand votes of an actual majority of the votes cast, while the aggregate Democratic vote for Governor shows a majority of more than three thousand of the whole vote cast for Governor. Mr. Wadsworth, who was the especial representative upon the ticket of those who were dissatisfied with the nomination for Governor, received twenty thousand more Republican votes than Mr. Cornell. This shows that New York, as we said, is a doubtful State, with strong Republican probabilities. What, then, does good party policy require?

The true Republican policy next year is a nomination which will not only take the "regular" vote, which any nomination would take, but one that will attract hearty support beyond the "regular" Republican vote. It would be possible, of course, to impose an alternative which might extort a reluctant acquiescence such as was yielded by thousands of the best Republicans in New York during the recent canvass, who now, seeing that it was useless, frankly declare that they will not yield again. But will anybody say that this would be good policy in a State whose vote will decide the result? The case is in a nutshell. The vote of New York is essential, and the Republican balance of power in New York is held by a body of voters which includes the Republican and "Independent" opponents of a third term, and the Republicans and Independents who fear the return of what repelled them in the late administration. Would it be wise to make a nomination that would inevitably raise these questions? During this winter there ought to be the frankest expression of Republican opinion upon this subject, and as little as possible of the nonsense of "leaving the decision to the wisdom of the Convention, which is quite capable of dealing wisely with the question." This lingo, translated into the political vernacular, means that the press should say nothing until speaking would be too late. General Grant is a patriotic and unassuming citizen, with the strongest claim to the gratitude of every loyal American. No man has shown less illicit ambition, and only the wildest party hatred attributes to him the possibility of any unworthy design. But that is not the question, and his popularity in the party is not the question. The question is whether, under all the circumstances, and however ready the Convention might be, from personal feeling, to nominate him, his nomination would be expedient for the party or for the country. This is certainly a question worthy of the most deliberate consideration. If Republican journals refrain from discussing great questions until somebody has decided what the party position upon them shall be, they abdicate the highest function of a free press. It is for them to help make the opinion which shall control party action.

OPPORTUNITY.

The exhortation to the small boy to "go in and win" in his fight with the large boy is often recalled by the remark addressed to gentlemen in public life that they have now an opportunity of proving their wisdom, their courage, and their virtue. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, had such an opportunity when Congress met. He has, indeed, always been a soft-money man, but he had undoubtedly the opportunity, when Congress assembled, to appear as a hard-money man. To say that it is absurd to expect him to turn such a somersault is to beg the question. Why is it more absurd to expect Senator Morgan to change than any other man in public life? Every such man always has the opportunity of changing, or repenting, or reforming—for that is what the phrase amounts to—and he does not improve the opportunity because he is himself and not somebody else. A public man, for instance, in his State Legislature, has shown himself to be arrogant and headstrong. He is elected to Congress, and as he goes to Washington to take his seat some one wisely remarks that Mr. Heady has now an opportunity to be courteous and gentle and forbearing. Undoubtedly he has; but he has always had the same opportunity, and he has never improved it. Why should it be supposed that he will do so now? Charles the First and James the Second had every opportunity to be wise and moderate monarchs, but they were not so, and they did not improve the opportunity simply because they were themselves.

When a man in public life has established a character, and has fixed habits, and holds settled opinions, he is not more likely to change them than he is to change his manners. The exhortation to do so is merely an exhortation to be another man than he is. It is useless to urge Sir Robert Walpole to do what Lord Chatham would naturally do without urging. Sir Robert will save at every point, and let a "spirited foreign policy" go hang. Lord Chatham will aim solely at the foreign grandeur of his country. Even if Walpole had been surrounded by the same circumstances as Chatham, he could not have done Chatham's work. He might be told that he had now an opportunity to show the powers of a great war minister. But he would reply truly that he was not a war minister, he was a minister of finance; in other words, he is Walpole, not Chatham. There are, indeed, remarkable conversions. Mr. Orville Gardner and Mr. Dan Rice become religious exhorters. But they are exceptional, and the truer parallel would be to expect Mr. Dan Rice, who had always shone as a circus clown, suddenly to shine as a pugilist, because he has "the opportunity."

It is useless to expect men to change their temperament and faculties because they are placed in positions where other qualities are required than those that they possess. That it would be desirable does not make it probable. If men upon coming into responsible positions were likely to display the qualities which they have been opposed for not possessing, the opposition would be foolish. Congress has an unprecedented opportunity for wise financial legislation, a great opportunity for doing nothing injurious, for pursuing a firm and courageous policy. Will it embrace the opportunity? The Democratic party has an opportunity of turning away from its follies, and proposing some kind of intelligible patriotic policy. Will it use it? The Republican party has an opportunity of satisfying by its policy the highest desires of Republicans. Will it satisfy them? Congress and the parties have had precisely the same opportunity for many a year. When a man, or a party, or a Congress, sincerely wishes to do a certain thing, they are never at a loss for opportunity. What is wanted is not opportunity; it is desire, or perception, or power.

THE INDIANS.

It is probable that the present discussion of the Indian question, while so humane and able and incorruptible a Secretary as Mr. Schurz is at the head of the Interior Department, will lead to some practicable good results. There is a more general and intelligent interest in the subject than we have ever known, and the discussion is conducted in such an excellent spirit that a question which is usually so little attractive is assuming its true place in public attention. The differences between the Secretary of the Interior and those who advocate making the Indians amenable to law, and those who wish to see the Indian Bureau transferred to the War Department, are differences of method, not of purpose. All aim to civilize the Indians, to teach them self-support, and to merge them gradually in the mass of citizens. But the conditions are very difficult, and there may be the most reasonable differences of opinion. Mr. Tibbles, who has brought the case of the Poncas to the attention of the public, has two objects in view: to secure for the Indian a standing in court, making him amenable to law, and giving him the protection of law, and to arouse public interest to that end. We do not understand the Secretary to deny the desirability of this object, and he has constantly stated in his reports that the Poncas were grievously wronged by their forced removal from their reservation upon the Missouri to the Indian Territory. The wrong, he says, was occasioned "by a mistake in making the Sioux treaty." But that the Poncas instead of the Sioux should have suffered by the mistake was manifestly unjust, and the Interior Department under Mr. Schurz's control has done all that it could do in the absence of legislation to repair the wrong.

When, however, Standing Bear and his party left the Indian Territory last spring to return to their old reservation, they were arrested at the request of the Indian Department, in accordance with the uniform practice, to be returned to the Indian Territory, where the tribe had lost large numbers by disease. A writ of *habeas corpus* was granted by the United States Court in Nebraska, and the Indians released. The question now raised is whether peaceable Indians can be forcibly removed by the government from lands once confirmed to them by treaty, and returned to a reservation upon which they have not bound themselves by treaty to remain. Obviously this can not be done by any government which pretends to have any respect for treaty rights or justice. It can be done only by a government which proposes to do merely what it chooses to do; and it is because of this bad faith which has been constantly shown by us to the Indians that they distrust our overtures, and are taught to hate us. The truth is that we impose treaties upon the Indians, and observe them just so far as suits our own pleasure, and no farther. When the white population presses closely upon an Indian reservation, as now upon that of the Utes in Colorado, the Indians are made to give way. Of course the advance of civilization must not be restrained. But equally of course a government which does not intend to respect treaties has no right to make them; and when they are made with people who can not compel their observance, the violation of them is as mean as it is infamous.

The Secretary agrees that it would be well to have the rights of Indians judicially defined and fixed, but he justly holds that this alone would not solve the Indian question. If it should result in the roaming of Indians at pleasure, it would, in his opinion, be a serious evil, and in the case of the Poncas he thinks that their return to Dakota would be only injurious to them. However this may be, the Secretary sums up the whole case in saying that the Indians must be "treated, not with justice, but with patience." First of all with justice, and that requires two things—that we should distinguish between the civilized and the semi-civilized tribes, and that we should keep our word with both. If the white pressure is sure sooner or later to require the lands that have been ceded to the Indians by treaty, let us take care to make no cessions. If we mean to do with the Indians just what we please, let us say so frankly, and put an end to a pretense which is constantly irritating and vexatious and costly. It is evidently absurd to treat the Cherokees as we treat the wild Sioux and the savage tribes of the plains. But the wilder tribes are to be treated with humanity and justice. Honesty is still the best policy; and if we give our word to the red man, let us hold to it against the white man. The trouble generally begins with the whites, and even when the Indians take the first step, it is because of some previous white offense. For the civilized Indians the system of agencies and traderships is very questionable. Indeed, many of those who are most familiar with the subject insist that it should be abandoned altogether. When retained for the wilder tribes, the system, it seems to us, can be efficiently regulated only by military force. The ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Persuade the Indians by experience that they shall have fair play, and Indian wars will be very few. This is the purpose of the Secretary, and of those who only differ with him as to the best means of accomplishing it. As the Rev. Dr. Storrs said at the meeting in his church in Brooklyn in favor of the Poncas, and after Standing Bear had spoken, "As this man has told you, in his singular oratory, of the sufferings and oppressions of his people, it belongs to us to see that our magistrates secure them their rights, to crystallize the right feelings into law and justice, and to understand that it is wrong for a nation to oppress the weak."

GARCELON'S PURGE.

The action of Governor Garcelon and his Council in reversing the result of the election in Maine upon purely technical grounds is very much more than a gross party blunder; it is a warning as to the possibilities of vital mischief under the forms of law. The disposition to treat it gayly as a "set-off" to "Republican cheating" in Louisiana is but a part of the evil consequent upon such proceedings. Three years ago, when that cheating was alleged to be contemplated, or actually in operation, there was nothing gay or funny in the situation of the country; and next year, if the Presidential result in Maine should depend upon Garcelonizing the electoral returns, the comedy will not be apparent. Governor Garcelon's own plea for his action is pitiful. As an illustration of the method pursued, he says: "In the Danforth district, already notorious, the name of the Republican candidate was Charles A. Rolfe. The town of Danforth voted for Charles Rolfe. The result was that his competitor received the certificate. And from like causes other changes have occurred." There is no possible doubt, from this statement, that Charles A. Rolfe was elected, and that the people of the district intended to choose him, and no other person, and there is no authority whatever in what the Governor calls the plain and unmistakable provisions of the Constitution, or in any law that he cites, for giving the certificate to anybody but Charles A. Rolfe. The object of the law is to give effect to the intention of the voters, and this is the object which Governor Garcelon and his Council have deliberately frustrated under the merest technicalities of law.

Mr. Blaine's speech in denunciation of this proceeding asserts that there was not one irregularity for which the law did not provide and direct the method of correction, and that in all the fifty-nine annual elections that have been held since Maine became a State not so many "fatal defects" have been found as Governor Garcelon and his Council have discovered in a single year. He states also that all these fatal defects have been found in Republican districts, and that where "fusion" or non-Republican towns have been counted out, they have been so selected as not to affect the result. Mr. Blaine describes the grounds of the action of the Governor and Council in contemptuous terms, which are justified by the Governor's own account:

> "Here and there an 'I' was not dotted, or a 't' not crossed; or a man had 'Jr.' left off his name, or the initial letter of his middle name was wrong; or the ballot that elected him had the names printed at right angles to the narrow side, when they should have been parallel; or the signatures of all the town officers (to the acute eye of a single councillor, without any other evidence) were written in the same hand; or the total number of votes was not filled out in the right part of the election blank; or one of the town officers was an alien; or the selectmen were permitted to swear away their own return by an ex parte affidavit, although they had once sworn the return was sealed in open town-meeting, they now swear it was not; or the return of cities was signed by only three aldermen, just according to the blank sent out from the office of the Secretary of State after being prepared as a trap or pitfall. These and numerous other minor points of like value were freely used to destroy the popular vote, and maintain in power the party and the man whom the people have rejected."

Nothing could be at once more ludicrous and outrageous than coolly to reverse the result of the election and frustrate the will of the State upon grounds so ridiculous, while nothing could illustrate more plainly the dangers which threaten popular government from officers so unscrupulous as the Governor of Maine and his advisers. It is in striking contrast with the conduct of the Democratic State Canvassing Board in New York, which declined to entertain the proposition to gain a party advantage by a paltry trick.

The question of remedy has not been determined as we write. The first resolution of the meeting in Augusta, at which Mr. Blaine spoke, was very strong. It asserted that a republican form of government requires prompt and hearty submission to the will of the majority as expressed at the polls, and that any attempt to thwart it is treason to liberty, and leads to anarchy and blood. The will of the majority is evidently not expressed at the polls if there has been bulldozing of voters, but in Maine the Governor does not allege in his justification that there has been any violence, or intimidation, or fraud, but rests his case entirely upon the technicalities, and then leaves it to the Legislature, to which he has given a Democratic majority, to decide whether the majority shall be unseated. The meeting recommended no specific action, but invoked the union of all good citizens of the State to avert the threatened calamity. There has been a proposition for the Republican minority left by Garcelon's purge to organize separately, and elect State officers, and set up another government—a situation to which we have become accustomed in Louisiana. But the sore inconveniences to the business and prosperity of the State are so obvious in such a course, and the appeal to the people can be taken so soon—that is, next September—that there will be probably strong opposition to plunging the State into the confusion that must necessarily attend two rival governments. On the other hand, Mr. Blaine says that he has no doubt, if the usurpation is followed by acquiescence, that the purge will be applied next year to the electoral vote, and that the usurping Legislature will gerrymander the State so as to favor the Democratic vote and produce certain local injurious results. Without saying it, his speech seems to favor some prompt and bold movement like the organization of a government based upon the vote as actually cast. He does not say it, but he does say that acquiescence in the usurpation is the degradation to which the people are expected to submit. The events in Maine can only discredit the Democratic party still further. They stop the Democratic cry of fraud; they renew the deep-seated distrust of the Democratic party; and they stimulate Republicans to favor the appointment of Presidential electors by Legislatures. No real political advantage can be gained by such wretched trickery, and as the St. Louis Democratic *Post-Dispatch* says, "This so-called Democratic success in Maine is worse than the worst defeat it has sustained for years."

THE HOLIDAYS.

Not for some years has there been so lively a Christmas and New-Year's season, and the streets of New York, and doubtless of every great city, have swarmed and are still swarming with eager throngs of buyers. In New York on "Forefathers' Day," as the accepted anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, there was a true winter storm of snow and sleet under foggy and leaden skies, but nothing could retard the busy buyers. Christmas would not wait. Santa Claus would slip more swiftly along roofs glazed with ice and snow, and no disappointment of the year in the nursery could be so bitter as that of the empty stocking on Christmas morning.

We said the accepted anniversary of the Pilgrim landing, because, in fact, the landing was not made on the 22d. This has been clearly shown by Mr. Gay in *Bryant's History.* There was, we believe, a landing on the 21st of a few pioneers, but the disembarkation took place some days later. It is not, of course, the day, but the event, which is important, and that is as well celebrated on the 22d as on the actual day a little afterward. But should the proposed monument ever be erected by the New England Society, it would be wise to record the precise date.

There was little Christmas festivity that year at Plymouth. Indeed, the day had become too closely identified with a Church from which the Pilgrims fled. But happily the gracious day is welcomed nowhere more heartily than in the land of the Pilgrims, and by their children's great-grandchildren's grandchildren. And could the old Puritans have seen the splendor of our Christmas shops, and the universal cheer of the Christmas season, they would surely have relented, and agreed that so much innocent joy could have had no evil origin.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

Mr. Paul H. Hayne, who is not unknown as a poet, and whose profession is that of literature, finds that it is impracticable to live by his profession in the State of Georgia, and he therefore proposes to come Northward. The Atlanta *Constitution* speaks of his decision in so manly and vigorous and truthful a way that we are very glad to quote its words, not only for their own good sense, but as a sign of spurning the provincialism which has so long weighed as a nightmare upon the Southern part of the country. An Englishman might as well boast of a Yorkshire literature or a Kent literature as we of a Southern, or Western, or Eastern literature. Our great poets and historians and other authors are in no invidious sense Northern; they are American, and known as American, and nothing has been more lamentable in the history of sectionalism in this country than the insistence upon a "Southern literature." The Atlanta *Constitution* discriminates very truthfully and finely in saying that the attempt has been "to give to it the peculiarities of sectionalism, rather than to impart to it the flavor of localism."

> "The results of literary effort in the South are pervaded with the most intense sectionalism. Prejudice takes the shape of egotism, and we unblushingly allude to ourselves as the pinks of chivalry, and our neighbors as the sons and daughters of every mean and unworthy impulse. In short, we have gushed until the general effect of so much gush has reacted upon us. We are asked to support Southern papers because they are representatives of Southern literature, and we are asked to buy books for the same reason. Our poets are all Southern poets, and our novelists—such as we have—are all Southern novelists. Does a publisher fill a paper full of trash from the composition-books of romantic school-girls, we must all applaud and buy for the benefit of Southern literature. Does Miss Sweetie Wildwood get together a lot of sickening doggerel, the newspapers must gush over the gush, not only for the purpose of building up Southern literature, but because Miss Sweetie is a daughter of Colonel Wildwood. What is the result? Why, simply this: that the stuff we are in the habit of calling Southern literature is not only a burlesque upon true literary art, but a humiliation and a disgrace to the people whose culture it is supposed to represent. These are very harsh words, but they must be said some day, and the sooner they are said and accepted as the truth, the better for those who have any regard for our literary future, the better for those who have an interest in building up a local literature. We must drop sectionalism, and all the outlying and resultant prejudices, and along with them must go the selfishness and spite that have misrepresented us at home and abroad....
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> "The sectionalism that is the most marked feature of our modern politics can never intrude into literature. Its intrusion is fatal, and it is this fatality that has pursued and overtaken and destroyed literary effort in the South. The truth might as well be told: we have no Southern literature worthy of the name, because an attempt has been made to give it the peculiarities of sectionalism, rather than to impart to it the flavor of localism."

"THE IMPERIAL STATE."

Recalling Horace Bushnell's "speech for Connecticut," the Rev. Mr. Upson, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, preached on the last Thanksgiving-day what may be called a sermon for New York. He calls it "the Imperial State," and he gives a broad and vivid survey of its situation and characteristic forces, with its historic position and influence. The discourse is exceedingly interesting, and pays a just tribute to ex-Governor Seymour's interest in the subject. Indeed, no eminent New-Yorker since De Witt Clinton has done more than Mr. Seymour to foster a legitimate State pride in New York. But the necessity of doing so springs from the very fact which he points out, and which Dr. Upson emphasizes, of the diversity of origin among the founders of the commonwealth.

The homogeneity which tends to provincialism and narrowness produces also the concentration and sympathy which are resistless powers of civilization and progress. "The blood of a score of States and nations intermingled here," says Dr. Upson. And he adds, "Even now, according to the last census, of the more than five millions of the inhabitants of this State, more than one-third were born elsewhere." He does not forget the disadvantages, but he holds that the characteristics of each separate race have enriched the whole. It is to this blending of races that he ascribes the remarkably cosmopolitan spirit of the State, and he cites Mr. Bancroft's remark on the first Constitution of New York, that "in the largeness of its liberality it exceeded the Constitutions of all the States." But Dr. Upson recognizes also that this disposition prevents a just State pride, and gives an interesting illustration of this want in the constantly closed "New York house" at the Centennial Exhibition, while the "houses" of the other and smaller States were constantly crowded. The sermon of Dr. Upson is full of good things, and we do not wonder that it was "published by request." We can speak of but one more, and that is his allusion to the indifference to our public reputation which permits the maligning of our public men. He cites the names of eminent citizens of the State, from George Clinton to Seward, who now stand well in the opinion of all men, but who were "abused without mercy" while in public life. It is a timely rebuke, and is in itself another commendation of this admirable discourse to public attention.

GILBERT STUART.

Among the striking books of the holidays which have a permanent value is *The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart*, by George C. Mason, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a small quarto volume of nearly three hundred pages, handsomely printed and solidly bound—a comely work, for the use of the student and for the general reader, and it contains twelve engravings from Stuart's more noted portraits, effectively reproduced on steel and by photogravure. Mr. Mason has accumulated all the material which exists for a biography, undertaking the work at the request of Miss Jane Stuart, the sole surviving member of the great painter's family; and he has been assisted by many members of the families which own Stuart's portraits, for every such family has a friendly interest in his fame.

More than six hundred of these portraits are mentioned, generally with a few words of biographical comment, in these pages, and the work is a very notable and valuable contribution to the history of art in this country. Mr. Mason's pages sparkle with the anecdotes which are sure to cluster about the story of a great artist, and many a reader and connoisseur will wish that we had a similar ample narrative of the career of Washington Allston.

Time robs the portraits of Stuart neither of their beauty nor their fame. His broad, rich, brilliant touch is still unsurpassed, and his works have a masterly quality which is still the aim and often the despair of his successors. Mr. Mason has executed his task, for which his own artistic tastes and accomplishments have naturally inclined him, with sympathy and simplicity, and the large public which is peculiarly interested in art studies will cordially welcome his careful and comprehensive work.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Sherman is said to have the business of his department done with the promptness and precision of clock-work. As fast as he reads his letters he dictates answers, and callers who interrupt him are quickly disposed of. He dispatches business with great rapidity, and seldom reviews his work. His method is so thorough that he knows everything that should be known by the head of a department.

—Mr. Mori Arinori, formerly Japanese chargé at Washington, subsequently Assistant Secretary of State and envoy to China, has recently been appointed envoy to Great Britain. Mr. Yoshida, who has been visiting Japan, is to return here as envoy, with his wife and their two children.

—General Mahone, the new United States Senator from Virginia, is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and acted a conspicuous part in the late war, figuring prominently in many of its most terrible episodes. At the blowing up of the fort before Petersburg he led the way into the hollow crater to redeem the rebel line. He is of slight physique, weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He never wore a sword while in command, always forgot his pistol, and went into action with nothing in his hands or in his pockets, wearing generally a loose blouse of gray flannel, which his soldiers called his "fighting jacket."

—At the reburial on December 13, in Richmond, Virginia, of the remains of John Randolph of Roanoke, one of the pall-bearers, Judge Marshall, is a survivor of the persons who witnessed Randolph's first burial under the pine-tree at Roanoke in 1833. Judge Marshall, then a child, was taken by his father to the funeral.

—Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, the editor of the Latin Dictionary recently published by Harper & Brothers, is to be felicitated not only upon the distinguished compliments that work has received from the most learned critics, but upon the more solid and permanent honor of its being now printed by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and being also the recognized Latin authority for Oxford and Cambridge.

—Although the late President Andrew Johnson did really and truly attain to the full stature of a practical tailor, and was never ashamed of it, it is not so generally known how nearly a member of the present cabinet came to devote his life and talents to the same calling. Recently an acquaintance called upon him, bringing with him a stranger, whom he presented to the Secretary. In a short time Mr. Evarts came in, and Mr. Thompson introduced both gentlemen to him, but could not remember the stranger's name. "Mott, Randolph Mott, is my name," said the latter. "Are you Randolph Mott who used to live in Culpepper County?" asked the Secretary. "I am," said the other. "Well, Mott, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Thompson; and turning again to the Secretary of State, he added, "Mr. Evarts, let me now introduce to you the man who taught me how to sew." And then he explained that when a boy he had intended to become a tailor, and worked for a time in the shop of Mr. Mott, who was of that trade.

—It is said that *Punch* is to have a new editor—Mr. F. C. Burnand—in place of Mr. Tom Taylor. Mr. Burnand is the author of the dramatic criticisms in *Punch*, which are witty as well as good.

—Lord Rosebery, who has recently been entertaining Mr. Gladstone at Dalmeny, in Scotland, is thirty-two years of age, and succeeded to his title and estates twelve years ago, since which time he has been almost constantly in public life. Although enjoying a princely income, and surrounded with every conceivable temptation to indulgence, he spends a large portion of his time in study. In the proceedings of the House of Lords he takes an active part, and is making himself a power in general politics. In the event of a change in the strength of parties at the next election, Lord Rosebery is pretty sure to be one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the cabinet. As a speaker he has the readiness, strength, sense, and wit that are always effective in legislative bodies.

—The country-seat of the late Mr. Thomas Longman, Farnborough Hill, is for sale, and negotiations for its purchase for the Duke of Connaught are in progress. The house is very spacious and beautiful, having cost Mr. Longman nearly $500,000, and he there dispensed a bounteous hospitality. It is sometimes said that the house and his marvellous edition of the New Testament were the two works of his life.

—A story is told of Lewis Gaylord Clark, formerly editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, that many years ago he appended to the official report of one of the annual dinners of the St. Nicholas Society, just after the expiration of Governor Bouck's term of office, a report of the mock celebration which the colored waiters had on the remains of the feast. One of them toasted the ex-Governor as follows: "Here's to Gubbernor Bouck, de most pop'lar man ob de age. He went in wid very little opposition; he went out wid none at all."

—Mr. Genio C. Scott, who died a few days since in this city, was well known in literary circles for his interesting contributions to the press on out-door sports, but more especially for his admirable volume on *Fishing in American Waters.* With these subjects he was perfectly familiar, having had an experience probably unsurpassed by that of any man in the country. His love of fishing, indeed, amounted to a passion, and there is scarcely a notable fishing spot on the coast from Maine to Florida, nor in any of our rivers and brooks, where his rod and line had not been in use. He was an intelligent, amiable, excellent gentleman—in short, a true fisherman.

—Major Sleeper, himself a gallant officer in the Army of the Potomac, contributes to the Boston *Advertiser* an appreciative notice of General Gordon's history of that army. In respect to the author's vindication of General Porter, Major Sleeper says: "We of the Army of the Potomac know how anxiously we have waited, not only for some evidence that would exonerate him whom we all loved and respected, but also for some satisfactory explanation of the location, movements, and orders which impelled its commander to march and countermarch, to order and counterorder, that army, until all was chaos and confusion. At last we have it, for this volume gives the details of this campaign in such a square, soldierly manner, and supports them with such a multiplicity of evidence from both sides, as to leave nothing to be desired. From a mass of irrelevant evidence its author has extracted what the subsequent court of inquiry found to be the truth, and the whole truth."

—The Turkish Sultan's dinner parties are said to be rather joyless affairs. The food is either cold or ill cooked, and the few Turkish nobles who are admitted to the banquet sit in utter silence, save when the Sultan addresses them.

—Queen Victoria's gift to Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris was a miniature of her royal self set in precious stones.

—Mr. Walter, M.P., recently advised the English clergy as a body to learn how to read their own sermons, and to study them beforehand until they were entirely familiar with them. The *Spectator* sensibly remarks that if the clergy would only read Mr. Dickens's life and letters, and observe what a world of pains he took to possess himself wholly with the subject of his reading, and with its aptness for his audience, before even reading aloud his own works, how passionately he threw himself into the task, and how no effect on his audience, however minute, escaped him, they would perhaps begin to understand what their task means.

—Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who for over twenty years has been known as the literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, has accepted a similar position on the Philadelphia *Evening News*, and henceforth will devote himself exclusively to the critical department of that journal. There are few men in America more thoroughly experienced or more perfectly equipped for such a position than Dr. Mackenzie. He is known to scholars as high authority on matters relating to literature and art, and his knowledge of the private history of authors of the present century and their works is remarkable. In this respect he is not surpassed by any man of our time. We congratulate the *Evening News* on having attached Dr. Mackenzie to its staff.

—Ex-Mayor Ely, of this city, a confirmed bachelor, is a gentleman of wealth, and a shrewd politician. There are few men who, like himself, have represented the city in the Senate, in Congress, and in the Mayoralty, who know better about what an election to any office should cost from any political organization. He thus tells how he came to go to Congress: "One day I met John Kelly, and he said, 'Ely, how would you like to go to Congress?' I said, 'Oh, I don't know. I never thought about it.' 'Well, think about it, and let me know what you conclude.' I thought about it for a week or so, and met Kelly again. He said, 'What conclusion did you come to about that matter?' 'Why, I guess I would rather like to go, if it won't cost me too much,' I said. 'Well, how much do you want to give?' said Kelly. 'I thought I would get off with about $5000,' I said. 'Oh no, that won't do. You must give us $10,000. Think it over again, and see if you want to go $10,000 worth.' Well, I thought another week, and told Kelly I would give $7000, but I didn't want any trouble about it. He agreed to it, and I handed him my check for $7000, and then went up the river. When the time for the Convention came around, I was nominated, and was elected." A brother Congressman once saw him put his hand in his pocket and take out a handful of diamonds. He said to him, "Ely, what are you doing with so many diamonds in your pockets?" They were mostly small ones, but there were some fine ones among them. He smiled and said: "I have had $100,000 in diamonds. It was during the war. I had saved up a right comfortable little stake, and when greenbacks began going down, down, down, I began to get scared, and I wanted my money in something handy and safe that I could carry about my person. So I bought diamonds, and intended, when the government went under, to skip across the ocean, and live quietly in some pleasant place over there. These are a few I had left, and have never cared to sell."

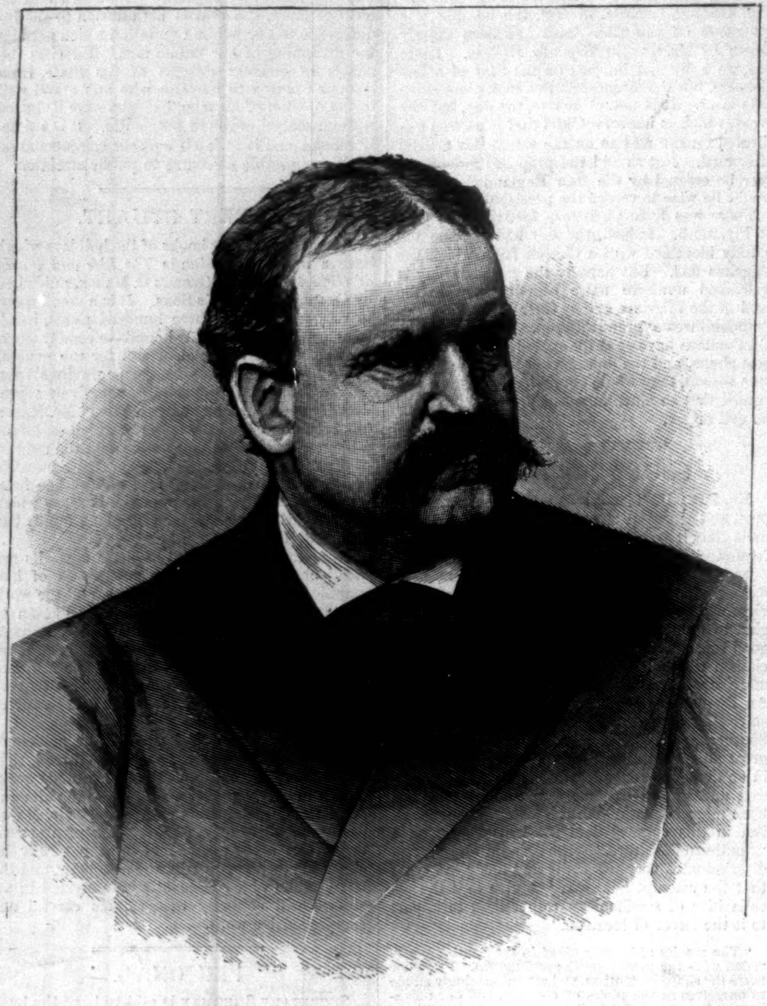
THE HON. JOHN D. LONG.

The Hon. John D. Long, the new Governor of Massachusetts, was born in Buckfield, Maine, in October, 1838. His father was widely known and respected, and was the Whig candidate for Congress from that State in the days when such a nomination was the highest honor that party could give. Mr. Long was a quiet, sensitive, studious boy, and made such rapid progress at school that he entered Harvard College at fourteen. He at once took high rank, and graduated second in his class in 1857. On leaving college he became principal of the Westford Academy, in Massachusetts, and his administration and great personal popularity awakened an enthusiasm and prosperity which are yet felt there.

After two years at Westford Mr. Long entered the Harvard Law School, and there and in the office of Hon. Sidney Bartlett he completed his legal studies. He was admitted to the bar in 1861, and commenced practice in his native town. Two years later he came to Boston, and soon became associated as a partner with Stillman B. Allen, a lawyer in practice there. This partnership has continued until the present time, Mr. Hemenway and Mr. Savage having been subsequently admitted. Years of hard work in the profession followed, during which the business of the firm steadily increased, and they became widely known, and Mr. Long won an honorable position at the bar as an upright and able lawyer.

During this time he married Miss Mary Glover, an accomplished lady, and settled in a beautiful home in Hingham. Five years ago he was elected to the Legislature, and for the three following years was chosen Speaker of the House, receiving the second year a unanimous vote. One year ago he was elected Lieutenant-Governor. This office in Massachusetts is far from being a sinecure. The Lieutenant-Governor is, ex-officio, presiding officer of the Council, and chairman of the Committees on Pardons, Prisons, Charitable Institutions, Railroads, Hoosac Tunnel, etc. The Legislature frequently votes large sums "to be expended under the direction of the Governor and Council," and the burden of seeing such moneys properly expended falls principally upon the presiding officer, who should be a first-class business man.

Mr. Long's administration of the office has been highly satisfactory; and this fall he was elected Governor against General Butler, after a hard campaign, in which he was opposed by nearly the whole Democratic party, and many Independent Republicans, led by ex-Collector Simmons, ex-Marshal Usher, and other disappointed and superseded politicians. Mr. Long is not exceptionally brilliant. He is a man of deep thought, and has an even and well-balanced mind. He is an accomplished classical scholar, and last year published a translation of Virgil's Æneid, which has been well received. The style is as easy, familiar, and graceful as an almost literal translation will permit. He is quick and accurate in business matters, and has had many estates to settle. He is a ready and pleasant speaker, and possesses a rare executive ability. He is one of the youngest of Massachusetts Governors; and being in the prime of bodily and mental vigor, his friends look forward to many years of usefulness for him to the State and nation.



THE HON. JOHN D. LONG, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Phot. by Notman & Campbell.

THE FARMERS' MARKET.

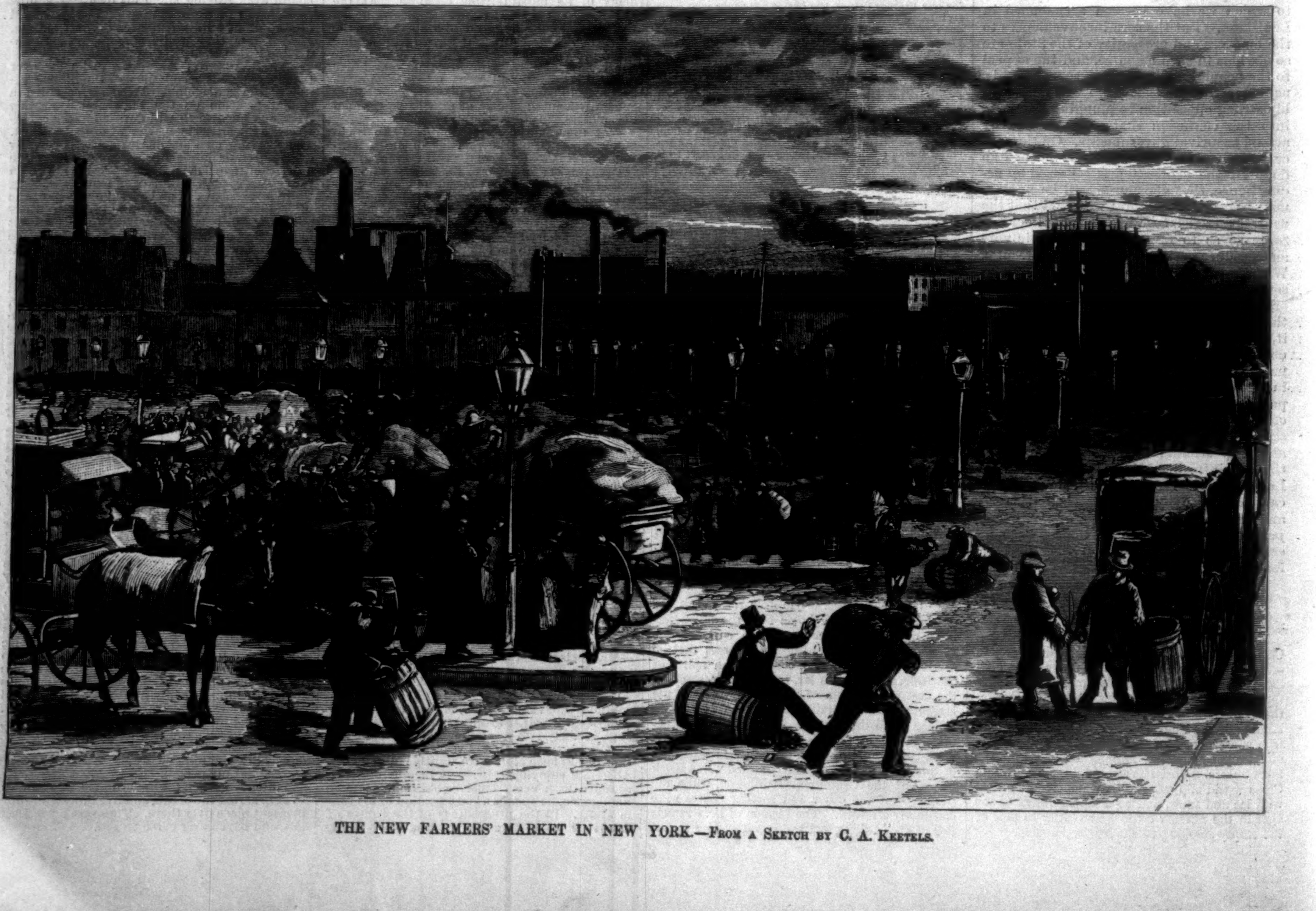
The new market intended to relieve the pressure on the streets about Washington Market, which are crowded with produce wagons almost to the exclusion of other vehicles, was formally opened on the 22d of December. It is in the space bounded by Little Twelfth, West, Gansevoort, and Washington streets. This open square is crossed by a large number of paved roadways thirty feet in width and by foot-paths six feet in width. A row of wagons can be placed on either side on one of these roadways, and yet leave space enough for two wagons to pass each other in the centres. The market affords no shelter for men or teams, and will probably not be open for business till spring.

SOME EARLY INVENTIONS.

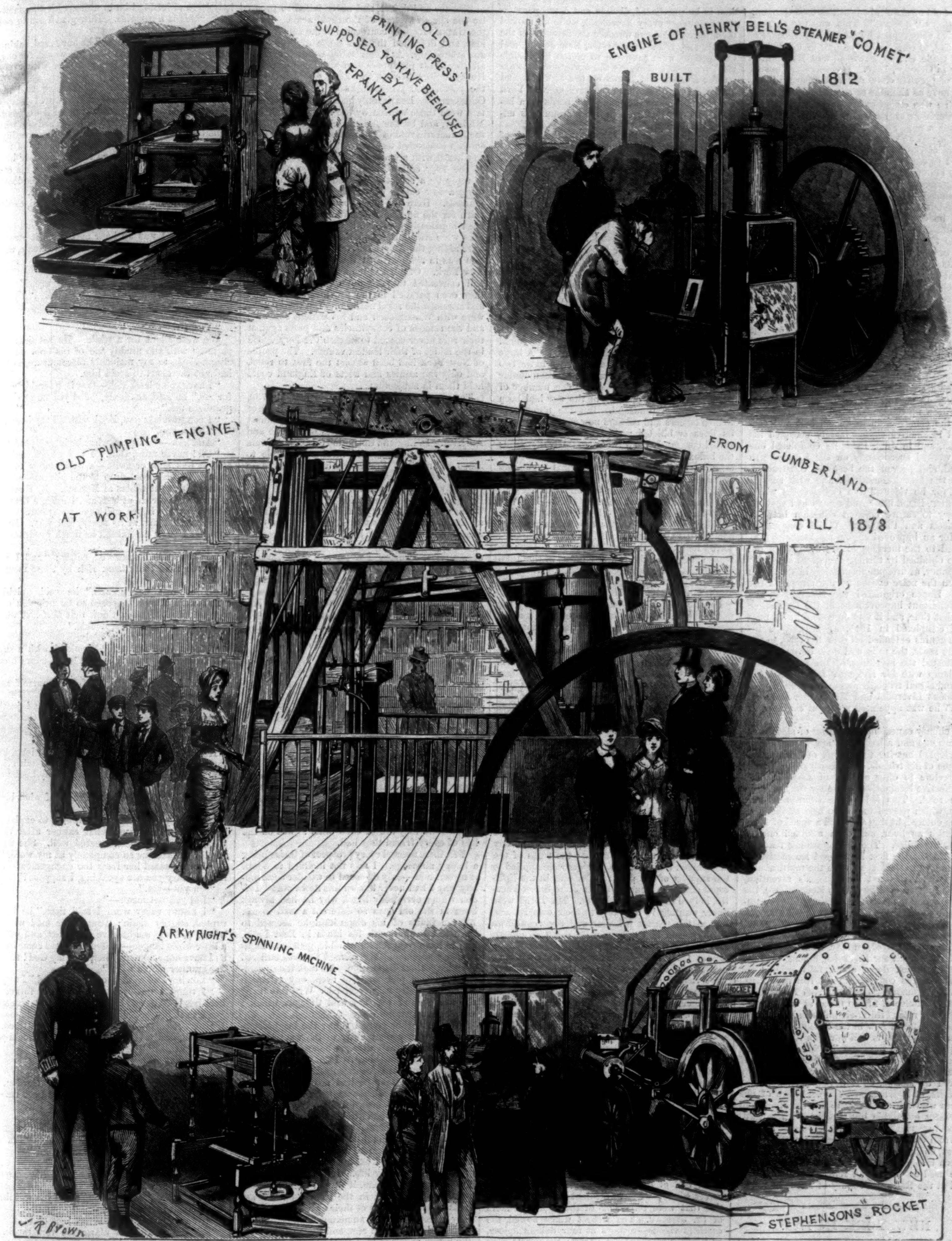
The sketches on page 21 show some of those old pieces of machinery which to our educated eyes appear awkward and primitive to the last degree, but which were looked upon by our fathers as very miracles of mechanical art. The printing press upon which Franklin worked seems but a rude affair, but it was an immense improvement upon those that had preceded it. It is probable that impressions were first taken from type by a mallet and "planer" (a smooth-faced block of hard wood used for levelling the type before printing), as proof-sheets now often are, or by a brush in the Chinese manner; but presses were soon invented for the purpose. There are engravings representing the printing-press as it existed about 1520. It was large enough to print only two folio pages, and for this two pulls were required, the force being applied by a simple screw and lever. About 1620 Blaew, of Amsterdam, produced a greatly improved press, which with little alteration continued in use for more than a century and a half. His press had a travelling bed, a platen depressed by a screw moved by a lever, and a spring to raise the screw and platen after the delivery of the impression. The press preserved in the Patent Office at Washington as the one used by Franklin in London in 1725 was a Blaew press with minor details, and generally known as the Ramage press. It is a clumsy structure, almost entirely of wood, iron having been substituted for one part after another at later dates.

The original engine of the steamboat *Comet* presents a curious contrast to the massive and intricate machinery by which our larger vessels are now propelled. The *Comet* was a dainty little craft, forty feet long, ten and a half feet wide, and of twenty-five tons burden, and to her is due the honor of having inaugurated regular steam navigation on the river Clyde, Scotland. The engines of three-horse-power drove two pairs of paddle-wheels, and the speed attained was about five miles an hour. The vessel was named after the celebrated comet of 1811, and was built in that year by John and Charles Wood, of Port Glasgow, Renfrewshire. The engine was made and fitted on board the *Comet* by Mr. John Robertson, of Glasgow, who at the advanced age of eighty-one years completed its re-erection in the Patent Museum, London, December 27, 1862. Mr. Bell presented this new method of navigation to the British government at three different times, namely, 1800, 1803, and 1813, when, after all his exertions, it was thought to be of no utility to the government. After his first rebuff, in 1803, he determined to make an attempt to interest other governments in the matter, and he therefore sent a description of his method of applying steam in propelling vessels against wind and tide to all the emperors and crowned heads in Europe, and also to our own American government. Fulton had, however, been upon Bell's track; and although it is generally admitted that our American inventor was materially indebted to the Scotch engineer in the construction of his vessels, there can be no doubt that he enjoys a priority over Bell of about four years.

It is a curious fact that the all-important steam-engine grew out of a device for pumping. The first patent for the application of steam-power to various kinds of machines was taken out in 1698 by Captain Savery, who in pumping mines made use of the condensation of steam in a close vessel to produce a vacuum, and thus raise the water to a certain height, after which the elasticity of steam pressing upon its surface was made to raise it still further in a second vessel. Improvements were made upon this, until Watt produced the practical and valuable piece of mechanism which



THE NEW FARMERS' MARKET IN NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by C. A. Keetels.


OLD PRINTING PRESS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY FRANKLIN
ENGINE OF HENRY BELL'S STEAMER 'COMET' BUILT 1812
OLD PUMPING ENGINE AT WORK FROM CUMBERLAND TILL 1878
ARKWRIGHT'S SPINNING MACHINE
STEPHENSONS "ROCKET
R Brown

SOME EARLY INVENTIONS.

entitled him to the name of inventor of the steam-engine. The old "pumping engine" in our sketch was erected about the year 1795, at Kell's Pit, Cumberland, England, for the purpose of hoisting coals. It was afterward removed to Castlerig Pit, and in 1837 to Wreath Pit, all near Whitehaven. At the latter place it continued to raise coals and to work a pump by means of a cast-iron beam placed above the main beam, until the summer of 1878, when it was removed, and presented to the Commissioner of Patents by the Earl of Lonsdale. It took six months to erect the old engine at the Patent-office Museum in perfect order.

Spinning is an industry so much older than history that it would be vain to try and look up its origin; but until the invention of the spinning-jenny by Hargreaves in 1764 no contrivance had been devised for spinning more than two threads at a time. His device had in it so much of suggestion, however, that the eight threads spun by his machine were quickly augmented by eighty, and the number was ultimately dependent entirely upon mechanical convenience. But the spinning-jenny, however developed, could perform but one process, and was consequently soon supplemented by Arkwright's throstle machine, invented in 1769, and three years later superseded by Crompton's mule-jenny. The former marvel of mechanism, as it appeared at the time, was an ingenious contrivance for passing the rough cotton or woollen fibres through a hollow revolving cylinder furnished on the inside with rows of spikes, by which process they were loosened, freed from lumps and knots, and thus prepared to be moulded by rollers into "laps," or symmetrical compressed layers. The latter are then subjected to the carding machine, which consists of a series of cylinders thickly set with steel wires revolving in opposite directions so close to each other that the fibres of the lap passing between them are rapidly and alternately caught and subjected to such tension by the wire teeth that they come out straightened side by side in a cobweb-like film. It is then passed through a smooth metal ring and two polished rollers, which form it into a loose untwisted column an inch thick, called "sliver," and deposit it in a tin can. The sliver is then by another process of tension drawn out into "rovings" not thicker than a quill, slightly twisted to give them consistency, then wound and drawn upon large reels, and subjected to the spinning-jenny. By the operation of Arkwright's throstle machine the rovings were drawn through a succession of pairs of rollers connected together, but each successive pair moving at an accelerated rate of speed, so that the roving when it emerges from the last machine is many times longer than the sliver. It is then wound upon spools or reels, transferred to the spinning frame, is brought by similar processes to the thinness deemed desirable, when a rapidly revolving spindle twists it into threads, and winds it ready for the weaver. Modern French manufacturers have carried their spinning processes to such an extreme of tenuity that a pound of cotton has been drawn into a yarn 4770 miles in length.

Few objects could be more interesting in a collection of old mechanical curiosities than Geordie Stephenson's "Rocket." This was the famous locomotive constructed by Messrs. Stephenson & Co. in 1829, to compete in the trial of locomotive engines made on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in October, 1829. Inventors are apt to be men of peculiar character and eccentric lives, but few have as singular or as entertaining a history as he who constructed the Rocket. Geordie Stephenson, as he was known to his comrades, was a poor English lad, and in his youth was employed at various collieries, first as fireman and afterward as plugman. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of an engine as to be able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. At eighteen he could not read, but so convinced was he of the necessity of a certain amount of learning that by attending night schools he was able within two years to read, write, and cipher with considerable facility. In 1805 he formed the plan of emigrating to the United States, but was unable to raise money for his passage and outfit. He continued to work in different collieries, and in his leisure hours studied mechanics and engineering, mended clocks and shoes, cut out clothes for the miners, and turned his hand to other useful occupations. His skill in repairing engines and his improvements upon old machinery led, in 1812, to his appointment as enginewright at Killingworth, at a salary of £100 a year. Besides erecting a winding engine for drawing up coal, and a pumping engine, he projected and laid down a self-acting incline along the declivity of the Willington ballast quay, so arranged that full wagons descending to the vessels drew up the empty ones.

But the construction of an efficient and economical locomotive engine mainly occupied his attention, and in July, 1814, he completed one which worked successfully on the Killingworth Railroad, and proved the best yet constructed. It was the first locomotive made with smooth wheels, for he rejected the contrivances which Trevithick, Blenkinsop, and others had thought necessary to secure efficient adhesion between the wheels and the rails. While engaged in plans for an improved engine his attention was attracted to the increase in the draught of the furnace obtained by turning the waste steam up the chimney, at first practiced solely in the desire to lessen the noise caused by the escape of the steam. Hence originated the steam-blast, the most important improvement in the locomotive up to that time, and it was embodied in his next engine, completed in 1815. Stephenson's inventive genius extended all over the road, to the cars, the seats, the rails, and even beyond it, for he contested the invention of the first miner's safety-lamp with Sir Humphry Davy. But his great and signal triumph was in connection with the famous Liverpool and Manchester Railway. In 1825 he was appointed principal engineer of this road.

The clumsy expedient of a series of stationary machines one and a half miles apart would have been adopted but for the energy of Stephenson and some of his friends. He finally prevailed on the directors to offer a prize of £500 for the most effective locomotive engine for the purposes of the road. This led to the triumph of the Rocket, which proved to be the best of the four engines entered, having averaged a speed of fourteen miles an hour, and even attained one of twenty-nine miles. The distinguishing features of the Rocket, the first high-speed locomotive of the standard modern type, were the multitubular boiler (which was not Stephenson's invention, but was first applied by him to locomotives), the blast-pipe, and the direct connection of the steam-cylinders to one axle and one pair of wheels. At the opening of the road, September 15, 1830, eight locomotives, constructed at the Stephenson Works, were employed, and Mr. Huskisson, member of Parliament for Liverpool, having been accidentally struck down and fatally injured by the Rocket, was conveyed in the Northumbrian, driven by George Stephenson, from Parkside to Eccles, a distance of fifteen miles, at the then unprecedented rate of thirty-six miles an hour. The old Rocket stands now in the Patent-office Museum, in London, and is well worthy a visit from all who pass through the great English capital. At the time it was presented to the Museum many of the parts were missing, but they were gratuitously restored by Messrs. G. & R. Stephenson & Co., engineers, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Those of our readers who are not likely to see the Rocket in its present honorable but stationary retreat, will not fail to get an excellent idea of the old locomotive from our sketch. In singular contrast to it is seen, enshrined in a glass case, a model of a modern locomotive engine and tender similar to those used on the Indian Railway, and manufactured at the Railway Foundry of Leeds in 1856.

NEW YORK IN 1780.

The winter of 1779–80 was one of the coldest ever known in New York. Over the wreck of the city, half destroyed by two great fires, the fierce winds swept down from the Highlands, laden with frost and snow. Both sides of Broadway lay in ruins, and nothing protected the small cluster of buildings that still remained untouched on the eastern side, along Broad Street, Wall, and William, from the piercing blast. Huge cakes of ice floating down the Hudson had formed a bridge across the river, and nightly the British sentinels watched incessantly lest the triumphant Americans, already conscious of victory, might pass over from Paulus Hook to seize the last stronghold of the foe. It is difficult for the citizen of New York in 1880 to conceive of the miserable fate of his magnificent city a century ago—held by an armed force of foreign soldiers, its commerce lost, its people impoverished, a winter of intense severity covering it with unusual suffering, famine reaching even to the wealthiest families, fire-wood seldom to be purchased, disease and death penetrating to almost every household, while all around the diligent besiegers watched the defenses of the enemy, and from Westchester, New Jersey, and Connecticut were prepared to pierce if possible the Tory lines, and avenge the ravages of Clinton on the Hudson and Tryon on the New England shores. It is difficult to conceive of New York besieged. Yet all the pains and perils of a beleaguered city gathered in 1780 around its unlucky inhabitants.

The snow fell in the suburbs to the depth of eight feet; an icy bridge closed the East River at Hell Gate; the ice-fields reached to Staten Island, and impeded the passage of vessels up the Narrows. In the midst of the intense cold the supply of fuel seems almost to have failed wholly. The river was closed by the ice and the patriots; the Jersey shore was hostile and dangerous. Sir Henry Clinton had in vain invited or commanded the farmers of Long Island to cut down their forests and send in their forage. Wood was so scarce that the gift of a few fagots was gladly received by Madame Riedesel to warm her half-frozen children. The shade trees of the city disappeared as the cold deepened, and, like Paris in 1870, New York was forced to strip itself of its finest decoration to save its crowded population from unbearable suffering. It is difficult to discover where the great majority of its people found any shelter from the inclement season. A large part of the city had been burned down in the two fires. Yet the population must have been double what it was in times of peace. The number of its citizens at the opening of the war had been about eighteen thousand. But the number of British officers and soldiers now encamped within its lines or billeted upon its people must have varied constantly from twenty to thirty thousand; the influx of Tory refugees from the country was large; the greater part of the original population remained. Nearly forty thousand persons were sometimes crowded within the limits of the city, and found shelter where they could—in tents, huts, deserted houses, in churches, barracks, or in the fine mansions that still remained unharmed. Sir Henry Clinton had four large houses; Tryon lent his to Madame Riedesel; but the intense suffering of the poorer citizens in this fatal winter has never yet been described. We have only the journals of the wealthy, and even the wealthy complain.

Famine was joined to the intense cold; the poor starved in their humble quarters, and in many a household for the first time gaunt poverty forced its way. In the fires that seemed never to cease many of the citizens had lost great sums that could never be regained. The Bayards, Duyckincks, Mesiers, Moores, Crugers, and others are mentioned as having lost many houses. Incendiarism added to the general terror, and it was believed that the provincials were constantly on the watch to burn down what was left of the crowded city. Food rose to extraordinary prices; fifty dollars would scarcely support a small family for two days. The supplies from the country were intercepted by the vigilance of the patriots, and the chief dependence of the garrison and the people lay in the great fleets that made their way from Cork laden with costly wares and provisions, in the traders from Halifax, and swift schooners from the West Indies. But in the winter of 1779–80 these resources for a time were cut off. The newspapers of the day are filled with appeals for aid; the rents of the unoccupied houses of the patriots were applied to the support of the poor; collections in the Episcopal churches, benefits in the John Street Theatre, helped the cause of charity. The Tories were never wanting in liberality to their own friends, but to the patriot prisoner and the republican families cold and hunger were constant guests. Disease raged everywhere; small-pox was seldom absent from the crowded garrison; the poorer quarters of the city, and even the finest houses, were visited by the fatal pestilence. It was the custom to remove to the country to undergo inoculation; but the country in the environs of New York was no longer safe from the active leaders of the patriot party; the siege of the unlucky city was slowly advancing; the French fleets sometimes completed its blockade; American privateers cut off the provision ships from Cork or Halifax; and Washington, in all his plans of Southern adventure, never lost his hold upon New York.

In the midst of their real dangers and distresses, the royal leaders in 1780 had formed a miniature court in the wasted city, and lived in a kind of regal magnificence. Sir Henry Clinton was the viceroy of the shadowy realm; around him were gathered the Howes, Burgoyne, André, a group of loyal provincials; at his house at the lower end of Broadway, or sometimes in Broad Street, Sir Henry gave brilliant dinners and parties that were reflections of the regal splendors of St. James's. The richest wines flowed, the costliest viands—turkeys at four dollars apiece, and butter at a dollar a pound; the guests were clothed in the latest London fashions; the rich silks and brocades of Italy swept the sanded floors, and in the chill winter nights the carriages rolled amidst the ruins of Broadway, and riot and revelry disturbed the rest of the anxious people. Sometimes the more noted of the patriotic citizens were admitted to the royal assemblies, and the wit of the American ladies could not be always restrained. The retort of the lively Miss Franks is remembered. Sir Henry Clinton had paid her particular attention at one of his most brilliant assemblies. At length he proposed as a toast, "Britons, strike home." "The commander-in-chief has made a mistake," exclaimed the fair object of his admiration; "he means, Britons, go home."

On Hanover Square were the booksellers and newspapers—the literary centre of the Tory faction. Here Rivington published his *Royal Gazette*—a paper that never lost heart in the midst of disaster and defeat, and never failed to promise the speedy victory of the royal arms. Here, too, Gaine's *Register* conformed to the ruling opinions, and defended the lost cause of despotism and aristocracy. At Gaine's shop were to be found all the latest productions of the London press. He advertises *Evelina*, the *Tour to the Hebrides*, the poems and prose works of "the great Dr. Goldsmith." But the only books sold on his counters were those written by the supporters of the Ministry, and by the faithful circle that obeyed the autocratic rule of Dr. Johnson. A rigid censorship controlled the press. The patriots in the city heard with a smile or a sigh the idle boasts of the Tory editors. Sometimes they ventured to reply by a secret pasquinade, and by distributing a few copies of the Boston or Kingston journals. Here the beleaguered citizens would learn for the first time that Washington had not been hopelessly defeated, that the American armies were still in the field, that France and Spain were aiding the Americans, and that a whole nation was in arms against the feeble garrison at New York. Of the people of the city a large part had consented to take the oath of allegiance; they even paraded in the provincial regiments, and assumed the royal uniform. But their hearts were with Washington and his patient soldiers; and the rumors of conspiracies and plots against their rule never ceased to disturb the Tory chiefs in the midst of their loudest vaunts. The people of New York had been almost the first to rebel, and only the armies and fleets of England could hold them in subjection.

The victory of the people was, in fact, in 1780, not far away. Yet even the idea of the existence of an independent people was, a century ago, almost inconceivable to the ruling castes of Europe and America. In England the notion of a popular rule was something odious and incomprehensible to kings and nobles. France was a despotism more cruel and oppressive than modern Turkey. In Germany the people seemed to exist only to gratify the vices and the ambition of its petty rulers. There was not a trace of a free government in all Europe, except in some Swiss canton or German burgh, and the last hope of human progress lay in the armies of Washington and the people of America. To-day Europe and America are nearly free. Knowledge has conquered its mediæval foes. The lapse of a century has taught men to think and act. For another century let America lead on the nations, and the barbarous impulses yet surviving may be finally overthrown.

Eugene Lawrence.

OTHELLO THE SECOND.

By F. W. Robinson,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Grandmother's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Poor Fred."

The happy couple spent a long honey-moon abroad. They were not back in Westerton before the spring. They began their home life together with the same confidence with which they had entered into their engagement to be married. "How fond they are of each other!" was on the lips of every friend they had.

Yes, there seemed every prospect of theirs being a happy marriage. I was not inclined to doubt it myself now—only disposed to wonder occasionally why I had never known this new Conrad Gordon whom everybody liked, why he had always been in the old days so different a man to me. All the faults of his disposition he seemed to have left behind with his lands in East India, and to have returned an amiable, generous, high-souled gentleman. He seemed to have outlived even his jealous disposition. He took it as a compliment, as a pleasant jest even, any attention which his pretty wife received. Was this really the same man? was the wild thought which I would have at times.

All the spring passed thus; the bright summer, when they went away to the sea; the autumn up to the early winter, when they were back again in their grand home. From Conrad Gordon I received no further confidences. I was assured he was happy; that he had not a care in the world from his affectionate wife, who made an idol of him after her own fashion too, and whose high spirits and girlish little fantasies were as predominant as in her maiden days. It could not last, I was certain; but when the time would come for these two to be more staid and matter-of-fact and *homely*, I did not readily perceive.

Theirs was a gay life. If there were a fault to be found with them, it was in their incessant pursuit of pleasure, in the dinner parties and balls which they gave at their own house—which they attended at their numerous friends'. There seemed no peace and rest, and little of the home life which in her place I would have preferred.

Whether she would have preferred it too I was not able to ascertain. She was fond of society, of admiration, of the busy world without-doors. The gay life seemed to agree with her, and to steal no roses from her cheeks. "Conrad is fond of seeing me the centre of a crowd," she said to me once, "and I like the excitement of it all very well. We are not a steady-going old married pair yet, Beckie."

"No, but it is time you were," I said.

It was close upon the end of the year—close upon Christmas-time—when there came across the snow-covered lawn to my French window, at which I was sitting, a figure from the past, of which I had often dreamed. I did not see him until he was standing at the window to scare me. Then his hearty laugh at my astonishment rang through the frosty air like a peal from the old days.

"Fred," I cried, opening the window in my impulse, and letting him in along with the snow-drift, "this is a surprise. How glad I am to see you back!"

"I thought you would be," he answered, taking me in his arms; "I was sure you would, for one, at all events. Sisters don't change with every wind and tide, thank God!"

I looked into his face. Something told me that he had already heard the news of Mary's marriage, and was inclined to regard it despondently, almost as a breach of faith toward one who should not have been forgotten quite so readily, or been taken so quickly at his word. I did not speak of Mary. I hastened to disencumber him of his great-coat and hat, to seat him in his old place by the fireside, with his bronzed good-looking face full in the ruddy blaze before me.

"To think you are back again!" I said, exultingly. "And for good, is it?"

"I am not certain," was his answer; "not half as certain as I was an hour ago, when it struck me how lonely you must be in the old home, and how I might help to cheer it for you."

"And now?"

"And now I am not half sure of myself, and may want cheering instead," he added. "That's my luck—'Fred's luck,' as you used to say, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

We were silent for a while. He sat drawing patterns with the muddy toe of his boot on my crumb-cloth, to my maidenly discomfiture, but I had not the heart to scold him.

"I have come back rich—that is, tolerably rich, for me," he said, suddenly, "and you do not congratulate me."

"I congratulate you, Fred, with all my heart."

"Thank you."

"And how—" I began, when he interrupted me.

"Oh! never mind that. I had grown desperate; it was sink or swim—a wild plunge to the other side, or a cool drop to the bottom—and I chanced it at the tables at Monaco. By Heaven, 'Fred's luck' turned at last, and I made a heap of money in three hours, and came away before fortune deserted me, in its scurvy old way. Have you ever known me exhibit as much prudence as that?"

"Not often," I answered, softly; "and I am sorry you have come back rich by these means, Fred."

"You must not preach," he said, quickly. "You were always disposed to be priggish and to sermonize. I often think that *that* last word lost you Conrad Gordon, Beckie."

"Perhaps so," was my reply.

"And a good loss too," he added, with a sudden fierceness. "I say a good loss—damn him! There!"

"Hush! hush! Fred; you forget yourself and me. You are not just."

"Has any one been just to me—acted justly toward me, Rebecca?" he continued, in the same fierce strain. "Have I not been a scape-goat all my life?"

He got up, and paced the room with long, impetuous strides; he struck the table with his hand as he passed it, and scattered my books on the floor.

"What has disturbed you, Fred? of what have you to complain?" I asked.

"It is easy to inquire, but not easy to explain," he said, becoming somewhat calmer after this. "But I have not been treated well. She need not have taken me so completely at my word."

"You released her from the engagement—for it is of Mary you are speaking, I suppose?"

"Oh yes—yes."

"Did you not mean—"

"I meant every word I said then," he interrupted, angrily again; "but I was mad when I wrote, and she might have seen that, and waited a little while longer—waited till I had come back, as I have done, to marry her, and, my God! to find her another man's wife!"

"You have no right to complain, Fred," I urged.

"I think I have. That greedy old father of hers has been at the bottom of this plot, dragged her into it, persuaded her what an eligible match it was. He always hated me," Fred muttered.

"Well, well, it is all over now; why should you rave like this?"

"It is not all over."

"It is—it must be."

"She has never loved that brute Gordon, or forgotten me," he exclaimed. "I will see her—I will explain—I will tell him—"

"Nothing, I hope, Fred," I concluded.

"Ah! wait a bit, Beck. You are no judge of character—you never were," he said. "I'm not the weak milksop you have fancied me."

"All this is folly."

"I have been wronged, and I'll have my revenge," he cried.

"There has been no wrong; and you will think better of it to-morrow."

"We shall see!" he muttered.

His threats did not alarm me very much. I had seen a great deal of Fred's vaporings in my time, and I knew him too well, I thought, to believe that any disappointment would weigh upon him long.

Was I a worse judge of man's character than are most of my sex? Was I as mistaken in my estimate of Fred's as I had been, to all appearances, in Conrad Gordon's?

It seemed so; for Fred Bevis was unlike the old brother of mine from that day forth. Despite his long silence, his surrender of all claim to Mary's affections, he was a man who had returned back with a grievance, and was disposed to nurse it, to his prejudice and my discomfiture. He was not my brother Fred again. He was a moody, discontented man, who cast a gloom over the house rather than helped to brighten it, as I had always thought he would. I missed the old hearty laugh which had been natural to him; I began to fear him and his moods a little, to be sorry, after a while, that he had come back, although it was hardly in my heart to think very badly of him. He was not the man for whose return I had prayed.

He renewed his acquaintance with Conrad Gordon and Mary. Living in so small a town, it was impossible to prevent their meeting; indeed, it was impossible to say why they should not meet. People who have changed their minds cross each other's path with every hour of the day, and these were commonplace folk who might be trusted to play propriety.

Conrad Gordon thought so—even turned the first meeting of the old lovers into a jest, as if anxious to put them at their ease. And Mary Gordon, proud of her husband's love, and reciprocating it very warmly, was at her ease at once. She had no suspicion of the old passion burning in the breast of Fred Bevis; she had outlived her first romance, and she felt glad to meet him as a friend, to laugh even at the follies of the past, and the house of cards which had been built between them, and allowed to collapse, when they were almost boy and girl. Fred affected to laugh also; but alone in his room at night I could hear him sobbing like a child or raving like a madman. Yes, he was very weak, poor Fred; but his weakness had taken a different phase, and there was danger in it now—danger to others as well as to himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE BALL.

CONRAD GORDON issued announcements to all his friends that the anniversary of his wedding day was to be celebrated by a ball. It would be a grand ball, everybody was certain: when there was an opportunity for display, it was not in the Gordon nature to miss it. This had been always Conrad's weakness, and of late days, and with increasing wealth, it had grown upon him like a disease. He was spoiling his wife; he was offering a bad example to the county; he was encouraging extravagance, envious neighbors said among themselves, but they accepted his invitations to the *fête* with alacrity, and mustered in goodly numbers to the show.

I had had a faint hope that Fred would decline the invitation, but he professed himself anxious to be my escort, and Mary's urgent letter to me was one to which I could not say no. I should have been glad to hide away from all their gayety, but it was the end of the first year of their happiness, and I *must* come, Mary wrote; and I did not like the idea of Fred's going to their house without me. He had become grave and thoughtful of late days, I have said; and I was doubtful of a manner that was far from natural.

We went to The Limes the day before Christmas-eve; it was the end of one year and the beginning of another in Mary Gordon's life. It became a memorable date to me. I was like some one behind the scenes who knew more than the rest, and had grown uneasy with the knowledge. I was a spy in their midst—as earnest and as watchful as though an impending danger had been whispered to me, and it might be in my power to thwart it, with God's help.

It was a night of shadow, despite my effort to shake off the gloom which submerged me, despite the light and life on every side of me, the crowds of friends and acquaintances, the bright faces, the merry peals of laughter, the gay dance-music from the orchestra. I had not seen Mary in higher spirits; her whole soul was in the success of the entertainment; and her husband flitted to and fro, an amiable master of the ceremonies, intensely anxious for the comfort of his guests.

This was in the early part of the evening; after the great supper there was a change. I had been waiting for it; I felt there was a crisis in more than one weak life that night. Mary was walking with my brother, and I was watching them, when Gordon's voice, close to my ear, startled me.

"I am afraid you have spent a very dull evening, Rebecca," he said. He had taken to calling me by my Christian name again, following his wife's example.

"Oh no; I have danced several times. The party has been a very great success: don't you think so?" I said, hurriedly, perhaps a little incoherently.

"I hope it has," he answered. "Mary and I have not spared any pains to do honor to the anniversary of our wedding day, and she is very happy." I did not answer him; there was a new tone in his voice which I fancied I remembered—a faint ring of an old inharmonious note that used to jar upon me.

"I do not remember seeing Mary in such high spirits as these before," he added, thoughtfully; "she is as impulsive and full of excitement as a child."

"This is a memorable day to her."

"To us both," he added.

"Certainly."

"We look back and have nothing to regret," he continued; "we look forward full of faith too—that is what Mary said this morning."

"Yes, she is a very happy wife."

"Do you think so?"

"I do indeed."

"I have tried to make her so, God knows," he said. Then he added, abruptly, "How old is your brother, may I ask?"

"Three-and-twenty."

"Seven years younger than I; he has the world before him."

"I trust he will succeed in it."

"Don't you think he will?" he asked, very sharply now.

"Ye-es—I hope so; but he has been unfortunate."

"Will he remain a great while with you, do you think?"

"I do not know."

He did not look at me whilst he put those questions, and he did not appear to be interested in my answers. I glanced up at him at last; he was watching his wife and Fred with a fixed intentness that was remarkable, and his swarthy features had deepened very much in hue. I had seen him look like that in the old days; I had missed it till now.

"How long were those two engaged to each other before they discovered their mistake, I wonder?"

He was hardly speaking to me, but I replied to him:

"Two years almost—he was abroad the greater part of the time."

"Yes, yes—I know," he added, quickly; "Mary has told me everything—she has concealed nothing from me. It was the old story of a boy's and girl's fancy for each other, ripening into the usual childish attachment. These first loves do not last, and are invariably mistakes."

He had already forgotten I had been his first love—that he had been mine! He was in a half dream, with one couple amongst the dancers for the dream figures which possessed him.

"I shall be glad when the *fête* is over," he muttered; "I am tired to-night—I am getting old, I fancy."

He strolled moodily away, and when the dance was concluded I saw him approach his wife, whisper a few words in her ear, draw her arm through his own, and walk away with her toward the spacious conservatory, into which the ball-room opened. My brother came and sat by my side, and burst into a loud laugh.

"By Jove, if I don't think old Gordon's jealous!" he cried.

"He has had no cause, I am sure."

"Well, no. But why is Beckie Bevis so cocksure?" he said, flippantly.

"Because Mary is not a flirt, and you are an honorable man," I replied.

"Not a flirt! Oh, much you know! Why, half the fellows are raving about Gordon's wife to-night," he said; "and did you ever see her look so beautiful?"

"Probably not. A ball dress becomes a pretty girl."

"She hardly looks more than a girl, poor thing, does she?" said Fred; "and yet she has been married a year to that beetle-browed blackamoor."

"Hush! somebody will hear you."

"I don't care who hears me," he said, loudly; "it is a fact. Do you think she would have had him if it had not been for his money? Or that you would have had him either, mind you—all those long years ago, when he asked you, and then served you so badly."

"I have never owned that he treated me badly," I cried, indignantly, "and you have no right to tell me so."

"I beg your pardon, Beckie," he answered, very quickly, at my protest. "I ought not to have said that. There, there, God help me, I don't know what I am saying."

"Shall we go home?"

"Presently—in a few minutes. Mrs. Gordon has promised me another dance," he stammered.

I looked up at him, and his color changed.

"Yes, I know what is in your suspicious little mind," he said, with a forced cough: "you are thinking of my melodramatic raving on the day I came back to Westerton. All that is over and gone."

"I am glad. It *is* all over, then?"

"Yes, all over," he repeated.

There was a partner for me in the next quadrille, and Conrad Gordon and his wife were our *vis-à-vis*. I glanced toward Mary with a smile, which she did not reciprocate: there was a strange grave look that was foreign to her face; it was as though I had offended her in some way. Conrad Gordon had not lost his own grave aspect either, although he gazed down anxiously at his wife, as if to catch her glance. There had been a few words, "a little difference," and my brother Fred had been the cause—were the first faint mutterings of the storm to be heard on the anniversary of their wedding day.

It was a melancholy quadrille for three of the party, and my partner, who made the fourth in the set, regarded us with dismay. When it was concluded I followed Mary, and her husband, seeing me approach, left us together.

"Has anything happened? Are you fatigued?" I hastened to inquire, as I sat down by her side.

"What should have happened to me?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"I—I don't know; I thought that—" and then I came to a full stop. It was all very difficult of explanation.

"Nothing has happened very particular," she answered, slowly. "I have met with a surprise. That is all."

"Has Fred—" and then I stopped again.

"Yes—Fred; he has told me everything."

"Everything!" I repeated, wonderingly. "I do not understand."

"Everything concerning your past engagement to Conrad, which you have kept from me, hidden from me, both you—all of you," she cried, fluttering her fan violently, and the tears starting to her eyes.

"Oh, my dear Mary, I would have told you all this long ago, but it was your husband's wish that I should not—"

"You study my husband's wishes, it appears."

"It was his place to tell you. I asked him if he would do so, before your wedding day; I knew it would be so much better. Ah, do not reprove me, dear, I will tell you all to-morrow."

She softened at the regretful tones of my voice, at the sorrow which my face betrayed. She dropped her fan, and placed her hands in mine at once.

"There, there, Beckie, think no more about it," she exclaimed. "I am foolish—I—I understand why you did not tell me; it was from sheer kindness; but Conrad has put me out to-night. He has taken me to task, lectured me, found fault with me—only think—for the first time in my life, and about nothing. He shall be sorry for it."

"Forget all, and forgive all, both of you," I urged.

"I will not forgive him for a week," she answered, pettishly. "And to scold me for talking to Fred—poor, simple-minded, honest old Fred. It is too ridiculous. As if I had not known Fred all my life; as if we were not to be trusted even now; as if—"

"Mary, I think it is our dance," said Fred's voice, so close to us that we both started; then he led her away, and the instant afterward they were whirling round in the waltz together. Conrad Gordon took her place at once; he had been watching us probably. The guests were thinning, and the hour was growing late.

"What has she been saying to you?" he asked, hastily; "may I inquire?"

"She will tell you," I answered, hurriedly; "it is nothing of importance."

"Everything is of importance that concerns her," he said. "We have had a few words—after all, the devil is not dead in me."

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and I could see a red light in his eyes.

"She has been speaking of our past engagement—"

"Ha! who has told her of that?" he exclaimed. "Your brother—has he come back to wreck me? That man, of all men!"

"No, no; do not think so," I urged. "It escaped in conversation between them. That's all."

"I will try and think it is all," he replied; "if I am mistaken, I am sorry for—your brother."

They were warning words, I was assured; and yet they were quietly conveyed, and only his lurid glance made my heart sink a little. Going home, with the snow thick upon our carriage windows, I could hear that voice again, and see the red shimmer of the eyes. Fred's laughter suddenly startled me from my reverie.

"What a fellow!" he exclaimed.

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"That Gordon, I mean. He's a regular Othello, Beckie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

THERE is no doubt that if an instrument could be invented to indicate the various degrees of difficulty people experience in getting out of bed in the morning, it would have to be graduated from zero up to a very high figure indeed. Many persons know absolutely nothing of any difficulty of the sort; they turn out of bed with the alacrity of a bird, glad even that it is time to get up, while others have to fight a battle more or less severe the moment they open their eyes every morning.

We purposely describe the difficulty as that of getting out of bed, because it is to a very great extent a mechanical difficulty. When a man was once rallying another on his weakness in this respect, he said, "Why don't you make up your mind to it?" The reply was, "Make up my mind to it! oh, that is easy enough; I have done that a hundred times; but what I can't manage is to make up my body to it."

A person goes to bed with his mind fully made up to rise in the morning at the proper time, whenever that may be. He knows very well he ought to do it, and that it will be better for him in every way if he does do it. Intrenched in this virtuous resolution, he falls asleep; but when he awakes a dull sense of inertness weighs him down, and if he stops to think about getting up, he finds that inclination has usurped the place of reason, and that if there is one thing under the sun more ridiculous than another, it is the idea of getting out of bed just then. The contrast between resolution at night and inability in the morning is not always so vivid as this, for some are not very much in earnest in their resolution, and others are not so heavily weighted with incapacity; but the very extremity of the case may serve to bring out the better the force of the distinction drawn by the lazy man, that the real difficulty is to make up your body to it—in fact, to get out of bed. Resolution is like the powder in the loaded cannon: it will propel the ball if only it take fire; but if the powder become damp, the ball will never move an inch. And there is something in the mists of night that seems to damp the resolution of a good many, so that it hangs fire, and they remain in bed when they really intended to get up. So powerless often is resolution at the waking hour, that we have heard of a man whose determination to get up was so decided that he contrived a machine to pull the clothes off him at a certain hour, actually getting out of bed only to put them back and get in again.

The hour of rising has not so much to do with the difficulty as is commonly thought. No doubt when the mornings are dark and cold and dreary, the difficulty is increased, and to some people it is inexpressibly disagreeable to turn out of a warm bed into the chill of a wintry atmosphere. But nevertheless we are very much disposed to think that where there is any difficulty of the kind, it is in the main the same whether we get up at six o'clock or nine. There is a plunge to be made at last, even by the most inveterate lie-abed, and the only reason why he gets up at all is because he feels he must make the plunge. Early rising is indispensable to some, and even when not absolutely necessary is healthful and in many ways advantageous, but not to all. Some may get up all their life at a later hour than others, and be just as healthy and fulfill their duties quite as well as if they got up earlier. Every one must judge for himself when it would be best for him to rise. We can not lay down any particular hour, and say that all without exception are bound to get up then. Nor must it be forgotten that the hour of rising must be compared with the hour of going to bed. Many do a longer day's work than others who are out of bed before them: whether they would do a better one if they both rose and went to bed earlier, is a question that can not be answered with authority. So that we will leave undetermined the hour when we ought to get up, and simply take for granted—what is undeniable—that there is a time for each of us; and what we say is that, whatever that time be, whether earlier or later, if we experience any difficulty in the matter, the best way to overcome it is, not to give one's self time to think about it, but instantly and mechanically to get out of bed.

This may seem a truism, and it would indeed be nothing better if we meant to speak of it as an infallible specific for the difficulty in question. What we mean rather is to point out that, in trying to overcome the difficulty, the nearer we approximate to a mechanical act, the more likely we shall be to succeed. There must of course be an effort of the will, but it should be an instantaneous effort, there should be no deliberation on the subject, no time given to meditate on the propriety or otherwise of getting up, no going over in our mind the pros and cons of the question.

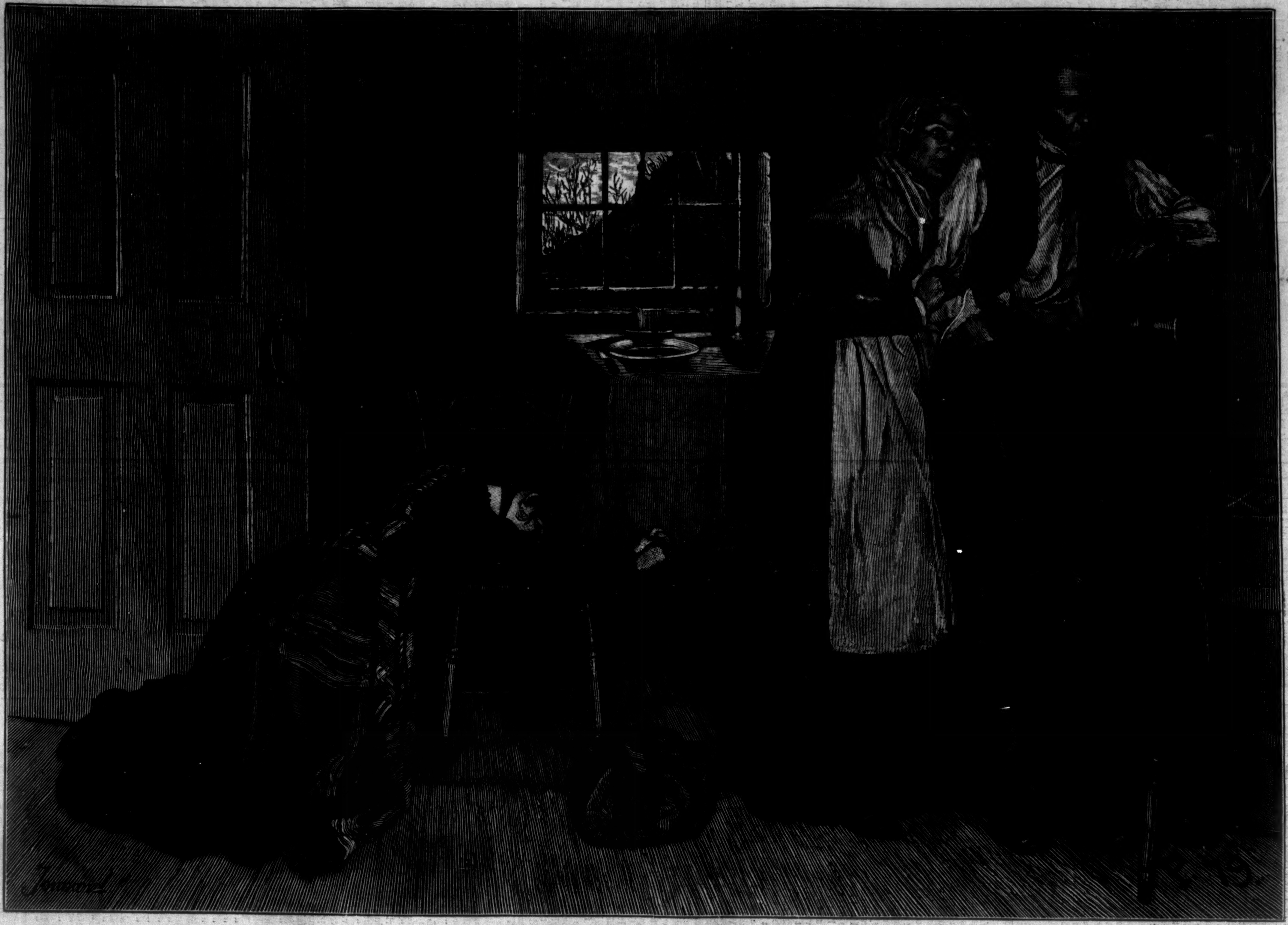
The weakness of resolution which some experience in their waking moments is not unfrequently to be accounted for by the fact that they are then almost incapable of thinking except in a distorted way. It may appear ridiculous to those healthy bird-like risers who invariably awake with mind and body alike completely invigorated; but it is certain that a good many people awake with a sense of weariness, a beclouded mind, a feeling of being only half alive, which, although their sleep may have been sound and have really done them good, and although they lose these feelings as soon as they are fairly astir, yet on first opening their eyes render them unfit to think at all. Any motion to rise is sure to be negatived if put to the vote; the only way in which resolution can help them is by being concentrated in an immediate unthinking effort of will.

This mental phenomenon of the waking moments of not a few who are really not lazy, nor even indolent, is no doubt owing in great measure, if not altogether, to sluggishness of system, which may be either constitutional or the result of temporary indisposition. It may cause a life-long difficulty in regular rising, or only one that troubles us for a season, and which a judicious alterative might entirely do away with. The infirmity of the body acts like a weight upon the mind, so that a person is not quite himself, as if under the influence of a narcotic, and he can no more reason himself out of it than he can reason himself out of a headache; the only thing to be done is to act in spite of it, and get out of bed.

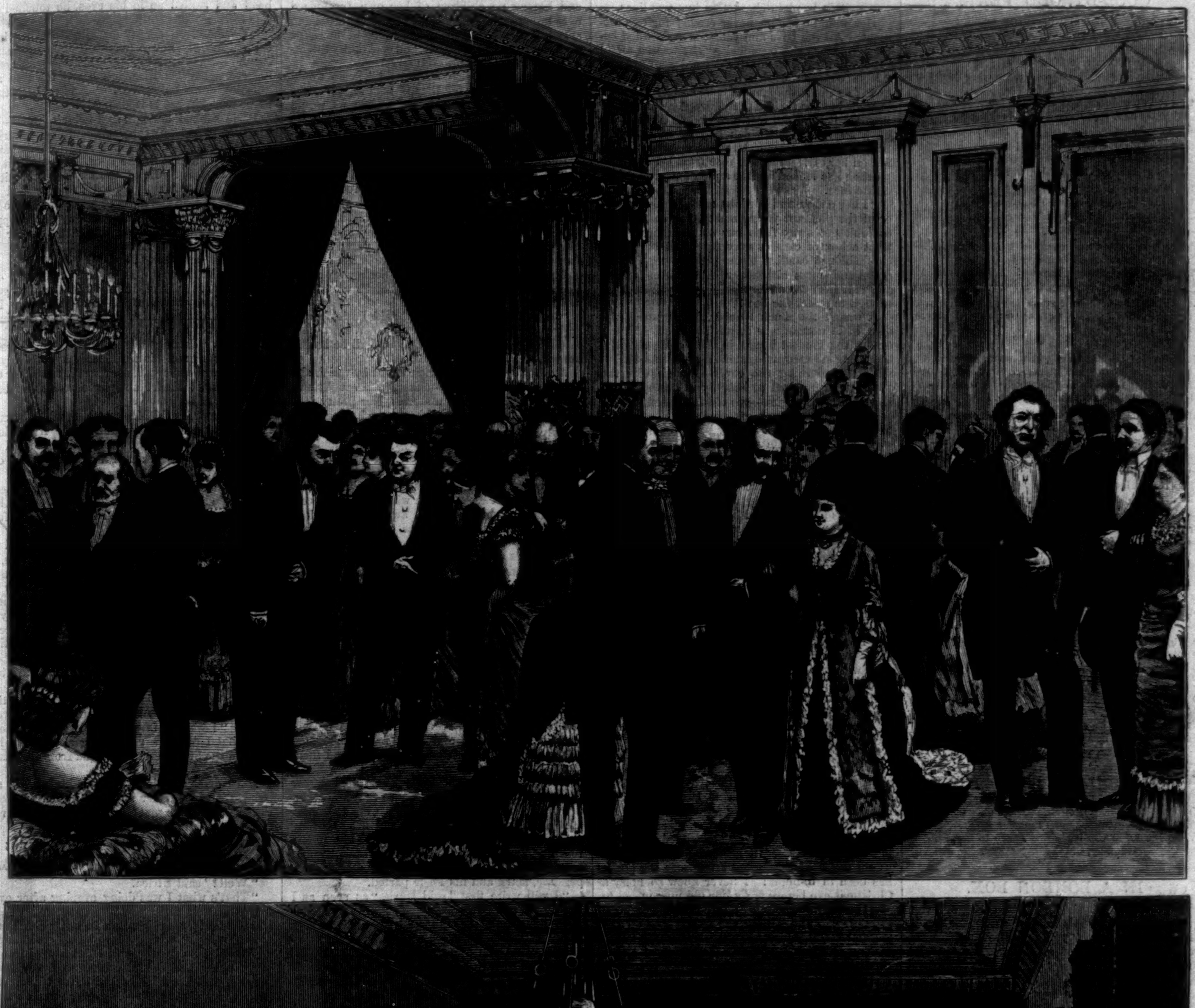
Only the strike for freedom, if it is really to emancipate us from the bondage of uncertain rising, must be invariably persisted in till it is formed into a habit. The regularity of rising is much more important than the hour when we rise, for he who has so far mastered the matter as to get up punctually can get up at whatever hour he thinks right. Spasmodic rising, however early, followed by lie-abed mornings, is an irregular beating of the pendulum that will never make the clock of business go as it might or ought. It is of little use to get up by fits and starts, like the French marshal, who used to display superhuman activity for a season, and then lie in bed for a week together. What we want rather is to imitate the great duke, his master, who rose with machine-like regularity, and who said, when some one remarked of his narrow iron bedstead that there was no room to turn round on it, "When it's time to turn round, it is time to turn out."

Those who have been accustomed from their earliest days thus to "turn out" think nothing of it; the only difficulty to them would be to keep in bed when their time for getting up has come. Habit reverses difficulties; and so the miller, whose ear is used to the noise of the water-wheel close by, that would keep any one else awake half the night, only wakes when the wheel happens to stop. And this habit of regularity in rising is so much more easily acquired in early life, that young people can not be too earnestly persuaded to keep it up—as regards, at least, the regularity—when they leave home to go forth into the world, and not imagine, as too many do, that it is freedom then to be unpunctual in the morning. But though this, like every other good habit, is more difficult to be acquired the older we get, because then we have to unlearn as well as learn, it is never too late to acquire it. Habit, however, it must become, or the attempt will only be an uncomfortable struggle of little real advantage. But let the resolution be come to, never once, under any consideration, to fail in the mechanical impulse to rise at the hour fixed on. Let no allowance be made, except under special circumstances (and the rarer these the better), for later hours at night. Let this be adhered to as the broad, honest, matter-of-fact rule of our waking life, and it will be found that, though not by any means easy, it is the easiest and the surest way to master the difficulty, if difficulty there be, and to attain the liberty of those who are free to get out of bed when they know they ought.

Such liberty is no inconsiderable gain to any one. It is hard to say that any one is the man he might be, without it. Granted that we may do well in life in spite of weakness and infirmity of purpose on this particular point, it yet remains more than probable that we should do better still if we had it not. The folding of the hands in sleep for just one half hour every morning makes up, as we may easily calculate, a loss of fifteen days of twelve hours each in the year. Besides, who can tell what depreciation in sterling worth of character is secretly and continuously worked by not acting up to what conscience says is right? With all allowance for human frailty, and with full consciousness that none are perfect, the truth must be admitted that it is not good, nor sensible, nor thoroughly manly, to be hurried in duty, and have precious time shortened, and begin the day by being beaten, because we can not get out of bed.



THE OUTCAST'S RETURN.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.



GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA—THE RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS.—Drawn by Frost and Davis.—[See Page 30.]

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

O GOOD companion, stand hand fast awhile:
We've walked together many a pleasant mile,
And I would catch thy last, faint, parting smile,
And say, "Good-by, Old Year."

Here at the glowing hearth let me retrace
The splendid tokens of thy fleeting grace,
Thy ever open hand, and smiling face,
And say, "Good-by, Old Year."

The *January* bells and gifts—the snow,
The flying sleighs, the skaters all aglow,
The glancing eyes, the whispers soft and low—
Ah, well! Good-by, Old Year.

The *February* joys, the splendid play,
The witching opera, and the ball-room gay;
The shopping, and the flirting—welladay!
Good-by, good-by, Old Year.

The pleasant skies that came with *March* again,
The Park's gay drive, the gallop in the lane,
The planning and the dreaming! I would fain
Live over them, Old Year.

But oh, the *April* hours! when happy trees
Grew green with gladness in the warm south breeze,
And all the birds came singing o'er the seas,
Singing for joy, Old Year.

The glory of the *May*, the warm, white showers,
The orchard blooms, the golden-tinted flowers,
The building nests in all the woodland bowers—
What memories, Old Year!

And then the roses in the month of *June*,
The balmy freshness of the busy noon,
The silver splendor of the young spring moon—
All these were thine, Old Year.

As were the *July* skies, the scented hay,
The dreamy languors of the summer day,
The drifting boat upon the calm blue bay:
Can I forget, Old Year?

Or hope to hear again a song so sweet
As when, one night, with slow, consenting feet,
I walked with Love among the *August* wheat:
O Love's sweet song, Old Year!

Its echoes haunt the shady, scented place
Where brown *September* met us face to face,
And crowned us with the vineyard's purple grace:
O grapes! O Love! Old Year!

O wine, and corn, and fruit, and little sighs!
O misty splendor of *October* skies!
O Indian summer caught in lover's eyes!
O sweet, still days, Old Year!

O blazing hearth! O home! O comfort rare
Of dear *November* with its pleasant care,
Of grateful Thanksgiving and dainty fare,
And heart of love, Old Year!

Thus did we dwell together, thou good year,
'Till hale *December* brought the Christmas cheer.
Now shall we part? Old Friend, there is no fear:
Thou shalt thy strength renew.

Yet ere this charmful circle pass away,
Turn the familiar face—one moment stay
While Love and Gratitude find space to say,
Good-by, Old Year, good-by.

IN A BONBON BOX.

If I should tell you all, or even half, or even quarter, there was in that immense store, I am afraid I shouldn't get through until this time next year, and as I have several other holiday stories to write, I sha'n't attempt it.

Suffice it to say it was one of the most magnificent establishments in New York city—which is saying a great deal—crowded with everything that any reasonable or unreasonable person could think of in the way of gifts useful and ornamental, and on this particular Christmas-eve lighted in such a recklessly generous manner that floods of light fell from it away across the street and for half a block on each side.

Directly over the four very large show windows outside was a remarkably warm greeting to passers-by, as well as comers-in, formed of sparkling letters (looking like a crowd of stars that had come down from their proper sphere to see how things really were managed on this terrestrial ball on gala occasions), which in turn were formed of brilliant gas-jets. "A Merry Christmas to Everybody," it read, and stout evergreen trees stood in the doorways, and inside sturdy dark green vines were twined around pillars and posts and festooned from the ceilings, and dolls, hats, vases, everything, in fact, that could hold a flower or bit of ivy, held a flower or bit of ivy.

And such a noise as there was—such a variety of noises, I should say—such sounds of laughing, talking, buying, and selling; such crowds of children "oh"-ing and "ah"-ing and "I wish"-ing; hundreds of music-boxes playing, each, totally unmindful of its rivals, its own particular tune; thousands of mechanical toys doing their mechanical tricks—drums drumming, dogs barking, cats me-owing, dancing-jacks dancing, tumblers tumbling! Oh! how merry, how very, *very* merry it all was!

But my story has only to do with the tempting corner of this great establishment where innumerable bonbon boxes and picture-decked cornucopias were piled under the counter, behind the counter, and upon the counter, and millions of many-colored and many kinds of sweets waited their turns to be stowed away in the pretty paper houses, and carried to the numerous stockings from which they should emerge on Christmas morning to gladden the hearts of children great and small.

Six young girls were just as busy as they could be waiting upon the people who stood before this counter three rows deep, all of them bright and pleasant-looking girls, but *one* as pretty as large sparkling black eyes, short dark brown hair curling in soft rings all over a little round head, pouting red lips, small straight nose, brown cheeks with an underlying rose tinge, petite plump figure, and tiny dimpled hands could make her.

Fast as the other young girls worked, the black-eyed one worked faster; and with this difference—while they simply wrapped the purchases in dainty paper and handed them to the purchasers, *she* quickly and deftly slipped into each parcel that left her hands a small white card, on which was written in plain characters just two lines.

Her nimble fingers never ceased for one moment. All the boys and young men crowded before the place she occupied—"she was so awful pretty, you know!"—until the word went around, "Nine o'clock; work's over," and the "sweet-girls," as their companions called them in sport, hastened to don their hats and wraps. Black Eyes lingered behind the rest a second or two to pick up a small bouquet which had fallen from her bosom, when a pleasant, pleading, masculine voice fell on her ear, and as she rose from her stooping position she looked up into a pleasant young masculine face.

"I beg a thousand pardons, miss," said the owner of the pleasant young masculine face, "but I couldn't get away from our store before, and I want a box of candies very much indeed. Real old-fashioned candies, if you please—peppermint drops and burnt almonds and molasses lumps; and if it isn't *too* much trouble, will you be kind enough to select the box?"

It wasn't too much trouble, for although the dear little woman was dreadfully tired, she had one of the kindest hearts in the world; and the box being selected, a Cupid hiding behind a Christmas tree adorning the cover—though why the young man laughed so heartily at this selection she could not imagine—the old-fashioned candies soon filled it, and the black-eyed girl proceeded to tie it up neatly with a narrow blue ribbon.

As she did so the young man, evidently in a jolly Christmas humor, began to talk again. "You see," he said, "it is for an old chum of mine—just for fun, you know. We were school-boys together, and at that time as fond of cakes and candies as any girl could be. He sent me a loaf of gingerbread on my last birthday, and I shall send him this"—extending his hand to take the parcel—"early to-morrow morning in return." But the young girl suddenly drew it back, as though recollecting something, and partly opening it again, slipped into it one of the small cards, and then handed it to the owner. "Many thanks," said he, "and a merry Christmas."

"The same to you," she replied, with a smile.

"A *very* merry Christmas," repeated the young man, with emphasis, as she bade him "good-night" and hastened away. And then he soliloquized: "The prettiest girl I've seen in an age. But what an eye to *business* the little witch has! To think of her untying that box, tired as she must be, to inclose the card of the firm!"

Wearily went the dark-haired girl through snow and cold to the poor but bright little home where Ulrica, her pale, delicate, lame, elder sister impatiently awaited her.

"Welcome, Posie dear!" she cried, as she met the pretty clerk at the door and kissed her glowing brown cheek. "It seemed as though you would never come. What an uproar the street has been in to-night! I never knew so noisy a Christmas-eve before. As our old nurse used to say, 'I could scarcely hear myself think.'" All the time she was talking she was taking off the hat and jacket, and chafing the half-frozen hands with a mother's tenderness and care. "There, sit down in the rocking-chair, and put your little feet on the footstool, and here's a plate of toast browned just as you like it, with plenty of butter, and a cup of delicious hot tea to refresh you. I'm sure you need them, dearie, after your long day's work."

"You heard yourself think of me in spite of the uproar, Rica," said Posie, her face already beginning to lose its tired look, "and you're the blessing of my life. How glad I am that it's Christmas-day to-morrow!—not particularly because it is *Christmas*, but because it is a holiday, and I can stay at home and be petted by you. We sha'n't have any presents as we used to in old times, nor any roast turkey and plum-pudding; only a small chicken and love;" adding, rather irrelevantly, after the manner of young girls, "As for candies, I'm sick of them."

As I said before, it was a poor little home, that to which Posie came—only one room and a tiny bedroom.

A small cooking stove; a cheap but cheery ingrain carpet; two ottomans (not for the world would I hint anything about old packing cases or Posie's cast-off cambric dresses in connection with these articles of furniture); a large old-fashioned rocking-chair with a comfortable fat cushion made from one of those same cambric—bless me! what am I saying?—made from the same material as that which covered the ottomans, I meant to say; a round table which, when not holding breakfast, lunch, or dinner, held a few treasured books, first and foremost among them Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, the blessedest Christmas story that ever made glad the heart of a reader; two or three cane-bottomed chairs; a round mirror above the mantel—and the sitting-room was furnished.

Stay! I had almost forgotten the two most valued things, the only things left to the sisters out of the many gifts bestowed upon them by their indulgent parents in days gone by—the portraits of their father and mother, which hung one on each side of the mirror, and to-night were wreathed with Christmas green and immortelles.

The kind-hearted gentleman and his sweet wife had died within a month of each other, four years ago, leaving a comfortable competency to their daughters, but in less than a year, through the villainy of an unprincipled guardian, it had all disappeared, and the two orphans found themselves entirely dependent on the great-aunt in whose house they had taken shelter when death had broken up their own once happy household.

Ulrica, the elder sister, had been lame from her birth, and was a shy, fragile, reserved girl; but Tryphosa, called Posie for short, was a brave, frank, strong little body, with a clear head and hopeful, honest nature.

The great-aunt was the only relation remaining to them, and she was a widow and a she-dragon, and having no children of her own, tyrannized over her unfortunate nieces in the most cruel and selfish way, denying them everything in the shape of pleasure and amusement, and constantly threatening to turn them into the street.

"Sometimes I wish she would," Posie would say to her sister, "for then, I believe, our good angel, who appears to have forsaken us, would return to protect us. Anyhow, my darling, we must get away from here soon, or I shall do something dreadful."

But they got away without Posie being obliged to "do something dreadful." The old lady died suddenly—much to her own surprise, for she had made up her mind to live forever—one morning, after discharging the servant-maid on the spot for flirting with the grocer boy, and rating Posie soundly for taking the girl's part; and all she left the orphan nieces was the small sum of one hundred dollars, the rest of her money going to a distant relative of her husband's whom she had never seen.

"Only a hundred dollars!" said Posie, laughingly; "why, it's a small fortune. We'll take a couple of rooms, my Rica, and you shall be housekeeper, and I the money-maker."

And having no uncommon talent by which she could become a "money-maker," she sought and obtained a situation in a store. Her pretty face and sweet manners helped her make her way, and at the time we are introduced to her she is supporting herself and sister, owes nothing, and has been promised an increase of salary for the ensuing year.

But in spite of the bright smile, sparkling black eyes, and rosy cheeks of the winsome little woman, she has a sorrow hidden away in her loving, constant heart, and the name of that sorrow is Mark Hillyer.

Two years ago, just before the aunt died, Posie, then not quite seventeen, had met Mark Hillyer at the house of a school-mate. He was not a handsome, but a good-looking, manly fellow, about one-and-twenty, and already holding an excellent position in a down-town wholesale establishment. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides, and the poor things came near having no second sight, for the tyrannical old aunt allowed her nieces neither to receive nor make visits. But, thank fortune! tyrannical old aunts can be circumvented sometimes, and, thanks again to several school half-holidays of which the dragon knew nothing, Posie and Mark had some dozen happy interviews, each one of which found them more in love than ever.

But at last Mark's firm—Posie had never thought of asking who and where they were; indeed, the young lovers' meetings were too short for anything but love-making, and not half long enough for that—determined to send him to Europe; and with many vows of eternal fidelity, and promises to keep up as brisk a correspondence as possible, Mark and his Posie parted.

"I will write first," said Mark, "as soon as I know I am going to stay long enough in one place to receive an answer, and the letter shall be sent under cover to Kate"—Kate was the common friend; "but you know, my dearest, that I shall be obliged to travel almost all the time, so don't be uneasy if often a month passes and you do not hear from me."

"A month!" Nearly two years had passed, and she had never heard from him. Kate and her family had moved to a far distant Western city shortly after his departure; then the servant-maid flirted with the grocer boy, and the great-aunt flew into a rage, from which she never recovered, and Posie and her crippled sister were thrown out upon a cold world, friendless and penniless.

But Posie had remained constant to her first and only love, and had laughingly turned from all would-be suitors, and firmly said "no" to two proposals of marriage. True, she had gone to a concert or two, taken a few sleigh-rides and half a dozen moonlight walks with several of the would-be suitors, but that don't constitute inconstancy, I'm sure, and I don't blame her a bit, for the little woman couldn't be always sighing over the remembrance of Mark Hillyer, although it *was* shrined in her inmost heart.

Ulrica, with the wisdom pertaining to her superior years, shook her head, and said nothing but disappointment came of these boy and girl attachments, and that Mark very likely was engaged to some one else, or married, or, more likely still, his Posie forgotten, had no thought of marrying for the next ten years.

But Posie refused to believe in either his forgetfulness or his faithlessness. "I'll wait for him five years longer," she said, with a trusting smile, "and then if he does not come back, perhaps—"

Christmas-day passed quietly and pleasantly enough to the two sisters, and notwithstanding Posie's prophecy to the contrary, some holiday gifts *did* find their way to the humble home, for Posie was much too pretty to go absolutely presentless on Christmas-day, and those remembering her remembered also the lame sister she loved so well.

Night came, and the snow, which had been falling lightly all the afternoon, began to fall thickly, and sounds of merriment and laughter echoed through the shabby house where the sisters lived. The old German woman, their landlady, was giving a family party in the apartments overhead, and a score of her children and grandchildren were gathered about the Christmas tree.

Posie, seated upon one of the ottomans, and resting her brown head against the white muslin window-curtain, was looking across the street into the brilliantly lighted parlor of the handsome house directly opposite.

A young and fashionably dressed girl of about her own age, but oh! not half so pretty, was sitting in an easy-chair by the window, and over her bent a young man with a look of love and tenderness in his face, and as she threw back her head and smiled up in his eyes, he touched her fair brow softly with his lips.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Posie, with a choked sob, and bowed her head upon her hands.

"My own, my precious little sister, surely you're not crying!" cried Rica, limping to her side and kneeling down before her. "And on Christmas night too! What is it, dear?"

Posie sobbed outright: "I—don't know—but I begin—to feel—awfully—discouraged. Hark!" taking her hands from her face and listening. "There's a knock at the door. Who can it be, so late as this? Light the lamp quick, Rica." And as the lamp was lighted Posie opened the door, to fall into the arms of a not handsome but good-looking, manly young fellow, who dropped a brown paper parcel on the threshold for the purpose of receiving her.

"Mark!" exclaimed Rica.

"Yes, Mark, my dear sister," answered the young man. "Take off my hat, that's a good girl—it's heavy with snow—and as soon as I've kissed my darling back to life again, I'll shake myself out of my overcoat."

But his "darling" came back to life herself, and clung around his neck, laughing and crying together, while she said, over and over again, "Oh, Mark! Mark! Mark! and have you come back again?"

"Tryphosa," said Mark at last, with the most transparent make-believe sternness, "if you don't unclasp your arms, and stop asking me if I am here when you see I am, I'll go away again, carrying you with me."

Posie grew sober, unclasped the dainty necklace, helped him take off his overcoat, seated him in the big rocking-chair and herself on the footstool at his feet.

"But, Mark," said Ulrica—who had placed the tea-kettle on the small stove again, where, as though conscious that in honor of the occasion it should do its best, it began to sing merrily immediately, and was trying to toast a diminutive table mat she had taken from the table, having placed the platter of cold chicken on the slice of bread which should have been on the toasting-fork—"how did you find us out?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked Mark, in a tone of surprise.

"She don't," replied Posie, who by this time had been promoted from the stool to her lover's knee. "I was so afraid that it wouldn't come true, that I didn't say anything about it to her, and it's the first secret I ever had from Rica in all my life."

Mark drew a little card from his pocket and handed it to the elder sister, who gravely placed the scorched table mat on the toast plate, and read aloud the following lines:

> "A merry Christmas, friend, whoe'er you be;
> I pray you pray that Mark returns to me.
> "T . Y . . . . A."

"Well?" said Ulrica.

"That's what I was doing evening after evening last week after you had gone to bed," explained Posie, speaking very fast, her cheeks and eyes glowing, "writing those words on hundreds and hundreds of cards, and I put a card into every package and box of Christmas candy I sold, praying that Mark might find it, for I knew if he did, and loved me yet"—here she paused abruptly, but not intentionally, but because she couldn't go on while Mark—but no matter, she did go on after a moment or two—"he would be sure to find me, but I never dreamed he would find me so soon."

"And a nice time I've had finding you," laughed the young man.

"Tell us all about it, do," coaxed Posie. "I'm sure 'twill be the dearest Christmas story I ever heard."

"My old chum Sam Lowry sent me the box of bonbons early this morning by way of a joke," began Mark. "I opened it immediately, at the imperious demand of my landlady's little daughter, who happened to be in my room when it arrived, and there lay the card. I knew the queer handwriting in a moment, although I'd received but one note from the writer in my life. By-the-bye, I have worn that note as near as possible to my heart ever since the first day I read and kissed it."

"Don't believe it," said Posie; but she did, all the same, and was not the least bit surprised when he produced it from its warm resting-place.

"And then the signature. Of course I saw *that* at once. There could be but one person on this continent whose name was spelled 'T,' one dot, 'y,' four dots, and 'a.' It didn't need the additional proof of my own name to convince me that the card was written by my long-lost darling."

"Mark," suggested Ulrica, mildly, "if you would kiss Posie at the end of each paragraph instead of at each period, you would get on much faster with your story."

"I'll think of it," said Mark. "Well, I emptied my box into the lap of the landlady's baby, seized my hat, and went in search of Sam. I found him smoking and reading the newspaper in his own room. 'Where did you get that box of bonbons?' shouted I, without any preliminary remarks.

"'Good heavens! were they poisoned?' asked he, starting to his feet.

"'Poisoned! No, they're the sweetest sweets that ever were. But where did you get them? Tell me as quickly as you can.'

"He saw I was in earnest, and gave me the direction of the store where they were bought, adding: 'A lovely little girl with big black eyes and dark brown curls, and—' But I waited to hear no more, but left the house as precipitately as I had entered it.

"To the store I flew. As I might have known, it was closed. From its shut doors to the nearest druggist's, where a directory told me the residence of the only member of the firm who resided in the city. Into a street car and up town I went; stopped at the door of a fine large house.

"'Mr. Easton is at home, but engaged,' said the servant who answered my ring.

"'Most important business,' said I; and in a few moments Mr. Easton came out into the hall—a tall, dignified, elderly gentleman, looking as though he had never even heard of a love affair in all his life.

"'I beg a thousand pardons,' I stammered, 'and hope you will grant them for the sake of the day; but can you tell me where I can find a young girl in your employ named Tryphosa Melville?'

"His shrewd dark eyes twinkled. He began to look as though he might have heard of one or two love affairs. 'I'm afraid I can't help you,' he said; and then, seeing the disappointment that clouded my face, he added, kindly: 'Go to our superintendent; it's very likely he may know.'

"'Thanks, and a merry Christmas,' said I, as I hurried away. The superintendent lived in Brooklyn. I took a carriage, and in a couple of hours reached his door.

"Thanks to the blessed Christmas-day, he was at home with his little ones gathered around him, and with the kindly Christmas influence upon him he heartily forgave my intrusion, and tried to remember if he had ever known where that pretty black-eyed girl who sold so many candies lived, and came to the conclusion that he had never known. 'But Miss Tryon will know. Miss Tryon is the head of that department, and she is dining two blocks below here with my sister.'

"He gave me the number, and off I started again, and in five minutes was talking on the subject nearest to my heart with Miss Tryon.

"'I just happened to have Miss Melville's direction impressed upon my memory,' said she, mischievously. 'A young man in our establishment got me to write it on a Christmas-box he was sending her.'

("Who is that young man, Posie? He'd better beware!")

"'You're an angel,' said I, and left her laughing. I don't wonder. I must have seemed rather ridiculous. Back to my native city I came, and here I am, and there's a couple of silk dresses in the brown paper. I brought them from abroad when I returned three months ago. And postponing all other explanations until some future time, let's make the most of the few remaining hours of Christmas-day."

And they did.

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

FOR more than forty years the name of "Five Points" in New York, like the name of the "Seven Dials" in London, was the synonym of poverty, vice, and degradation. DICKENS was taken to the Five Points that he might witness a counterpart to the scenes of beastliness which his graphic pen had portrayed in the *Night Side of the British Metropolis*. Those who traverse this famous spot now have no conception of what it was before the bloody "Old Brewery" was turned into a mission-house, and before the heroic L. M. PEASE ventured into its dangerous darkness with his lantern of Christianity.

Mr. PEASE began his labors in the summer of 1850. He secured a dram-shop, and turned it into a school-house for the ragged urchins who were wallowing in the filth of "Cow Bay" and "Cut-throat Alley." As this building was soon filled by poor people to whom he gave employment, he hired the adjoining house, and then another, until by the spring of 1854 he had seven two-story brick buildings devoted to what he named the "Five Points House of Industry." At that time the writer of this sketch was the pastor of the Market Street Reformed Church, and Mr. PEASE's family became members of my flock. I constantly visited the "Points," assisted my indefatigable friend PEASE in his Thanksgiving and anniversary festivals, and often explored the dark labyrinths of misery and crime into which few sober people except policemen and physicians ever penetrated.

One night I accompanied a police officer into Cow Bay—a narrow *cul-de-sac* which put out of Anthony Street at the northwest corner of the Five Points. The present stately building of the House of Industry stands on a part of the ground which was then piled up with five stories of ruinous rottenness, and each floor covered with such a layer of human depravity as no other portion of New York could show. The cellar of the corner house was used as a lodging-room for thieves and tramps, who paid a few cents for a slumber in their filthy clothes on piles of straw. Following the policeman's lantern, I was conducted up a wretched staircase, whose balustrade had all been broken off and burned for fuel. Before some of the doors the officer halted, and with a rap of his club demanded admission. Over the floors we found an indiscriminate herd of beggars and abandoned persons—black and white—all huddled together in the promiscuous beastliness of a sty. The superintendent afterward showed me a dismal garret in Cow Bay in which he had discovered the shattered wreck of a millionaire's once beautiful daughter. Her father dwelt in a brown-stone palace, and she was lying on a bare floor by the side of a drunken companion. All the efforts of Mr. PEASE to reform her proved unavailing. The insane thirst for drink was unconquerable.

During our midnight explorations the policeman took us into several dens in which whites and blacks were herding together. On the second floor of one of these Cow Bay rookeries the officer ushered us into a large room, occupied by twenty-five human beings. It was pitch-dark. As the policeman's lantern was carried along the bunks which lined the walls, we found them all occupied, without distinction of sex or color. Each bunk was rented for sixpence a night to any thief or beggar who applied in time to secure it. While we were reconnoitring the sleeping herd, something black, like a huge dog, ran against me, and then plunged under a bunk. "What is this?" I exclaimed. "Oh, sure and its jist only one of the goats," replied a merry Milesian voice from under the quilt. "Do they live here with you?" "To be sure they do, sir. We feeds 'em on tatie skins, and milks 'em for the babies." Here was a touch of bucolics that we had not dreamed of in a city tenement-house; but, alas for the poor babies with whose sincere milk must have been mingled so many a wretched draught of the vilest rum!

I have given this glimpse of the Five Points of twenty years ago, that our readers may understand what a "dark continent" of degradation it was into which Mr. PEASE and his brave little wife pushed their way. By steady Christian labor several of the wretched families were entirely reformed. Large numbers of children were provided with homes in the country. Among those rescued from ruin was the famous "Wild MAGGIE," whom SOLON ROBINSON introduced to the people of New York in his popular "Hot-corn" sketches. MAGGIE was induced to enter Mrs. PEASE's school, was converted to Christ, and I had the satisfaction of admitting her to the communion of Market Street Church. She afterward became a teacher in the institution, and I learn has since married very respectably. Happy are the memories of the Christmas festivals in those days, when the seven old buildings of the House of Industry resounded with the songs of the children, and when the handsome white head and eloquent voice of "JOE" HOXIE were among the regular attractions. Mr. and Mrs. PEASE continued their persevering labor of love until they saw a new and spacious edifice erected for their institution on the corner of Worth Street (once the Anthony Street of unsavory fame). A farm branch of the "House" was also opened in Westchester County.

In February, 1870, the present noble structure, with its dormitories, nursery, and play-rooms, was completed, at a cost of $52,000. After Mr. PEASE's health failed, the trustees elected Mr. B. R. BARLOW, an active elder of Market Street Church, to the office of Superintendent. He wore out his noble life there in the service of God's poor, and died a martyr to humanity. He was succeeded by Rev. S. B. HALLIDAY, who had long been a useful mission-worker in New York, and is now the assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The present Superintendent, Mr. WILLIAM F. BARNARD, is a resident of Brooklyn, and a faithful member of the Lafayette Avenue Church. Under his vigorous management this institution has added ten years more to its history of beneficence. Only two Presidents have presided over its Board of Trustees—the late ARCHIBALD RUSSELL, and Mr. MORRIS K. JESSUP. The House of Industry has been the dawn of hope to many a dreary, forlorn childhood—the training school for many a life of honest toil and sobriety. Its light has never gone out. Thousands will bless God for its establishment long after the dens of poverty have disappeared, and the "Five Points" will exist only in the memories of the past.

T. L. CUYLER.

CLAMEUR DE HA! RO!

CLAMEUR de Ha! Ro! What is it? What does it mean? We venture to assert that few generally well informed readers know anything about the time-honored but eccentric ceremonial which in the Channel Islands goes by this name. Originating in a feeling of romantic fealty to a powerful Duke of Normandy, a customary usage there when William I. brought these pretty and fertile isles as a part of his duchy to the English crown, strangely enough the formality is still as fresh and as vigorous, and serving almost the same purpose as it did under the régime of the Norman Conqueror. Why this tenacious vitality, is a question we are not disposed to enter into; suffice it to say that it often forms a sensational prelude to proceedings at common law, and that this is briefly its story.

An encroachment is being made on a worthy Channel Islander's landed property. It matters not the exact shape or form the infringement is taking; a path may be in progress of cutting across his field, a wall or a building may be in course of erection on his domain—anything, in short, may be going on by which the rights of *meum* and *tuum* are forgotten or set at defiance. Possibly enough, but by no means imperatively necessary for the action which is to follow, the transgressing one has been warned of his tripping, but has failed to give heed to the admonition—and either through obstinacy or mistaken identity continues to push on the encroachment. So the wronged land-holder at once determines to bring "Duke Rollo" to his aid, and by the infallible appeal to this long defunct but still omnipotent chieftain—by Clameur de Ha! Ro! in fact—to stop all further derelictions.

A disbelieving outsider of these islands might, naturally enough, run away with the impression that a writ emanating from a legal functionary would be a more effectual "stopper" than any calling upon a dead-and-gone prince; but the Guernsey or Jersey native thinks—indeed, he knows—better. To him the mandamus of the Lord Chief Justice of England, whatever authority it might carry in other matters, would not be half so summarily powerful as an appeal to Rollo. So he acts thus: he hastens to the spot where the trespass is being committed, and there, in the presence of witnesses, falling on his knees, he exclaims three times, in a supplicating voice, "Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! *à l'aide, mon prince; on me fait tort*" (To my help, Rollo; they are wronging me). Why the suppliant uses the French language, when most likely he is thoroughly conversant with English, need hardly be said; it is well known that that tongue is the official one of the land, in which all deliberations take place and all documents are written. Why, too, he—rather disrespectfully—abbreviates his prince's name from Rollo to Ro, is thus explained: the "Ha" or "Aa" is an ejaculation, "the cry of one suffering;" and "Ro" stands for Raoul or Rou, by which patronymic, rather than the more modern one of Rollo, the appealed to was generally known. The *clameur* thus made, who dares to disobey it? All work being effected in the encroacher's cause must cease instanter, or the workman himself becomes amenable to further proceedings in common with his employer. It does cease; and it so remains suspended until the right or wrong of the case has been heard before the legal tribunal of the Royal Court, and a judgment given thereon. Then it goes without saying that if the allegation is proved, the accused is mulcted in damages and costs, and is otherwise dealt with; but if, on the other hand, the charge is set aside, the accuser pecuniarily suffers for having invoked Rollo or Rou without good and sufficient cause. The prince when alive was the prototype of equity, honor, and justice; his traditional might is still ready to uphold the right; but it is not to be called from the quiet of a tomb or clamored for heedlessly; if so, it must be paid for.

There is more than one pretty tradition given of the origin of this strange practice; but the one generally accepted is that it came into vogue somewhere about the year 930, while Rou, an ancestor of William the Conqueror, held the dukedom of Normandy under fief to the French crown. Strange that this traditional usage should still be in use in these days of modern judicial improvement!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WHAT will the new year bring?" is the question which arises in many a thoughtful mind as the last hours of 1879 slip silently away. We turn over in our reveries the pages of the Past—a varied record, the bitter mingling with the sweet, pain lying side by side with pleasure; but, after all, the joy far outweighs the sorrow, and blessings outnumber afflictions. The young, as is their nature, look forward into the coming year with joyous anticipations of happiness and success. Those who have reached the "middle path of life" are, of course, less sanguine; they know that for many—perhaps for themselves—1880 will bring great sorrows, that upon many pathways dark shadows will fall. Yet why should they gloomily anticipate evils which are beyond their power to control? Those which they fancy may come are rarely those which really happen. And how much more we often suffer in anticipation of trouble than in bearing that which falls to our lot! We are wiser and better to look into each new year, as it opens to our view, with that perfect trustfulness which brings genuine happiness.

A real treat may be enjoyed during the holidays by visiting the art galleries and artists' studios. As is well known, it is a custom among artists to spend their summers in picturesque localities sketching the wild, the romantic, and the beautiful. Then in the fall and winter we see the fruits of their labors upon their easels. Every variety of mountain scenery, seacoast view, forest and farm-house, hill-side, sunset, cascade, sandy beach, and rocky cliff—in short, no kind of landscape seems lacking—and a fine show they all make.

The "negro exodus" is reviving. Recently about four hundred colored people passed through St. Louis in a single week, on their way to Kansas. Five hundred Arkansas negroes are on their way North.

One of the latest and most novel expeditions projected is that by the Abbé Meigne, of Paris, who desires to obtain 300,000 francs as a capital with which to begin a search for the remains of Pharaoh's army. His object is not only to pick up such valuables as may be at the bottom of the Red Sea, but, by finding the whole or any part of the Egyptian host, to demonstrate the truth of that part of the Bible which tells of their destruction. The undertaking is a heavy one. Nobody knows exactly where Pharaoh and his host went down, nor can any one tell without extensive excavations. So that it may be taken for granted that the Scriptures remain as true as ever, even if the enterprising Frenchman finds no trace of the king and his followers.

The following singular development in connection with woman suffrage is related in the Boston *Traveller*: "A certain gentleman living in one of the outlying wards of Boston, and in apparent good circumstances, has been for years past in the habit of paying simply a poll tax. This year he was astonished at receiving a tax bill to the amount of $1100. Upon visiting the assessors to know what it meant, they commenced interrogating him in relation to the ownership of certain mortgages, stocks, etc., and, when cornered, he confessed that they belonged to him, and that the tax bill was all right. In reply to his persistent inquiries as to who had furnished them with the information, they finally informed him that his wife had been registered as a voter, and when questioned as to her qualifications, had enumerated the various taxable properties of her liege lord.

The familiar story of a discovery of a way to make diamonds is renewed in European dispatches. This time a Mr. James Maclear, of Scotland, is named as the fortunate inventor. Both scientists and dealers on this side discredit the story.

The Brooklyn Rink, in Clermont Avenue, has been recently purchased by the Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton's congregation, to be used as a "People's Church." Extensive alterations have been made. There is seating capacity for about five thousand people.

Public efforts continue to be made in behalf of the Ponca Indians, who are to bring suits in the Supreme Court for the purpose of obtaining redress, as far as possible, for the wrongs inflicted on them by Indian agents.

It will be long before the memory of the Brooklyn Theatre, destroyed by fire, with a vast number of human lives, will pass from the public mind. Yet, except for the presence of mind exhibited by the audience, the police, and by the actors and managers of Park Theatre, not long ago, there might easily have been a calamity like that which three years ago filled Brooklyn with mourning and the country with horror. Fortunately the fire, which was discovered during the progress of the play, was soon extinguished, and the panic, which developed at first, was quelled by wise words and cool demeanor on the part of those who could influence the audience. Every theatre, hall, lecture-room, church, opera-house, etc., should be fully prepared for similar emergencies.

It is probably not so widely known as it should be that a very important work on behalf of railroad men has been undertaken by the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada. A report of the recent International Conference, held at Altoona, Pennsylvania, shows something of the good which is resulting. A large number of the men employed upon railroads are obliged to pass most of their time, Sundays as well as week-days, away from their families. In working dress, they do not care to go to the usual places of worship or ordinary reading-rooms, and for lack of any decent place they frequent the drinking saloons. The aim of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations has been to organize Christian railroad men at the leading railway centres, and to open reading-rooms, and to establish social, literary, and religious entertainments of suitable character, placing these under the charge of competent Christian men called railroad secretaries.

There are in use in this country about seventeen thousand locomotive engines, and more than that number of engineers, and probably not less than one hundred thousand men altogether on the trains and engines, and several times that number on tracks and in shops. Probably they and the families they represent form one-twelfth part of our whole population, or more than three million people. The public has a deep interest in the railroads and those employed upon them. The better the men, the safer is transportation upon the roads. Railroad companies and officials have very generally seen the wisdom and importance of this Christian work, and have cordially co-operated with the railroad secretaries in its establishment and maintenance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter, and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an over-skirt."

"That's only a wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

PHELIM (*to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen*). "Dade, and its soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the strames through the roof. Come outside, sorr; it's drier in the wet!"

PAMPERED TRAMP (*to charitable housewife*). "What d'yer call this 'ere? This ain't no soup."

"It's *bean* soup."

"*Been* soup? Yes, and a precious long time ago, too, I reckon."

That the Swiss are a brave people no one thinks of doubting, although they do expend their superfluous energies on *chamois* rather than the bloody realities of battle.

She was really charming, and seemed to enjoy very much the "quail on toast," until her pearly teeth struck a couple of shot; then her countenance changed, her expression became wrathy, and she said, "It is too mean to leave those nasty shot in the birds." "Why," remarked he, "they are good for the digestion." "Yes," said she, "that may be, but I don't want to die jest that way."

They were talking of shooting, when the minister, after some pretty tall stories had been told, remarked, "Once I had a trial; out of fifteen shots I missed one." He waited until the crowd had exhausted its compliments on his superior marksmanship, when he gravely added, "My brother shot fourteen times, and I shot once—and missed." And he smiled just as innocently as if he had not accomplished anything particularly worth speaking of.

"It is so hard to be a widow!" cried a French lady, who had just lost her husband. "Wednesday is my reception-day, and generally I have a great many calls; but yesterday I was compelled to keep my room and weep all the time." "Ah!" was the reply, "don't say anything against widowhood. I myself have just married a widow, and the clothes of the first husband fit me like a glove."

"And how is your neighbor Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

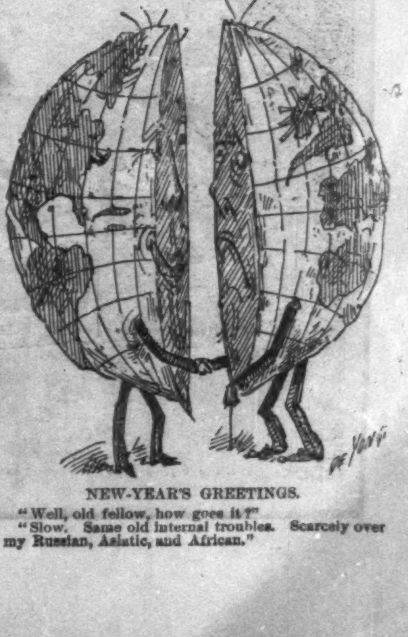
PROFESSOR. "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?"

The class are uncertain.

PROFESSOR. "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?"

PUPIL (*triumphantly*). "Hash."

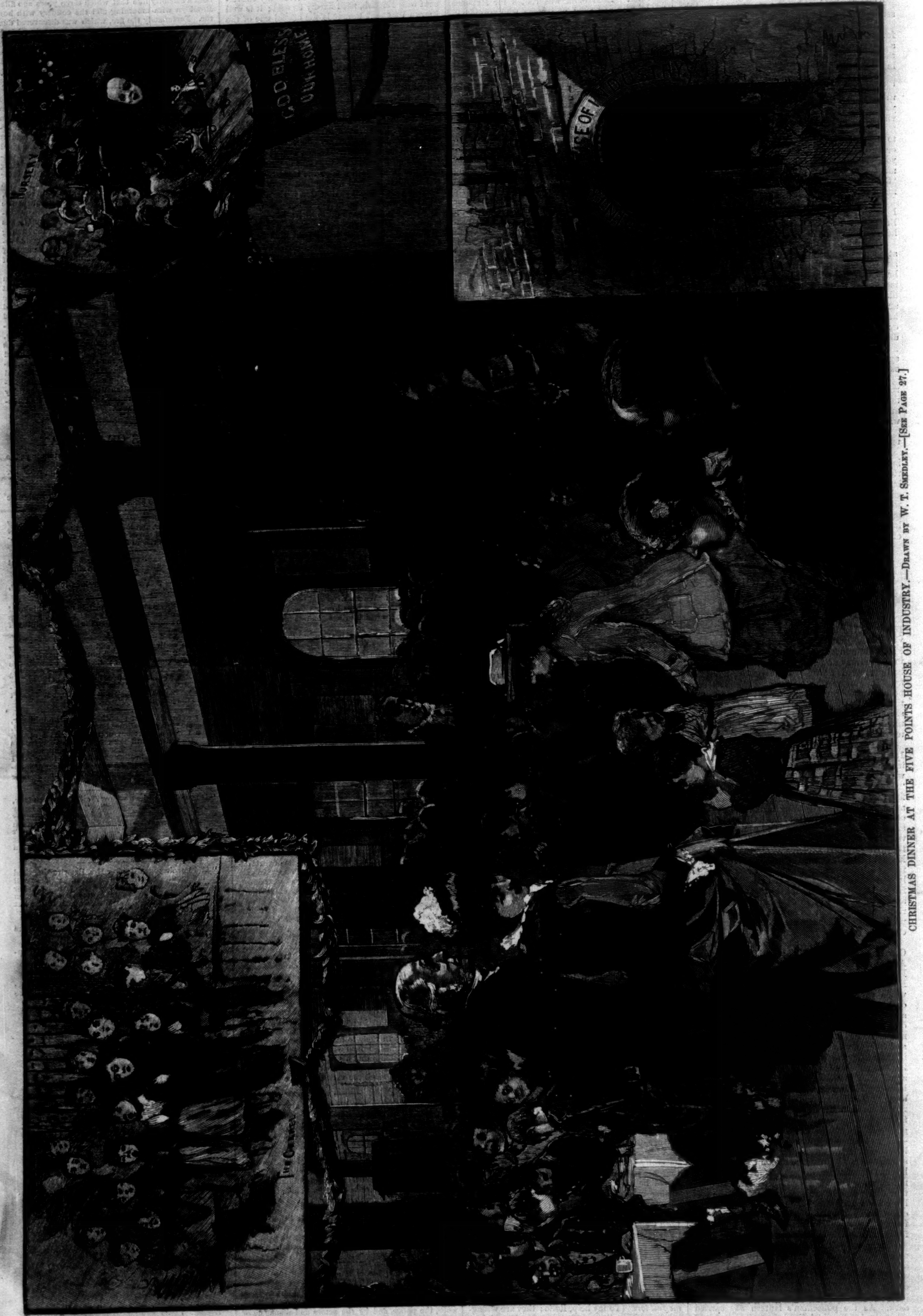
Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again. But if it be crushed to earth, it lies. And if it lies, it can not be truth. Therefore it can not rise again. Q. E. D.



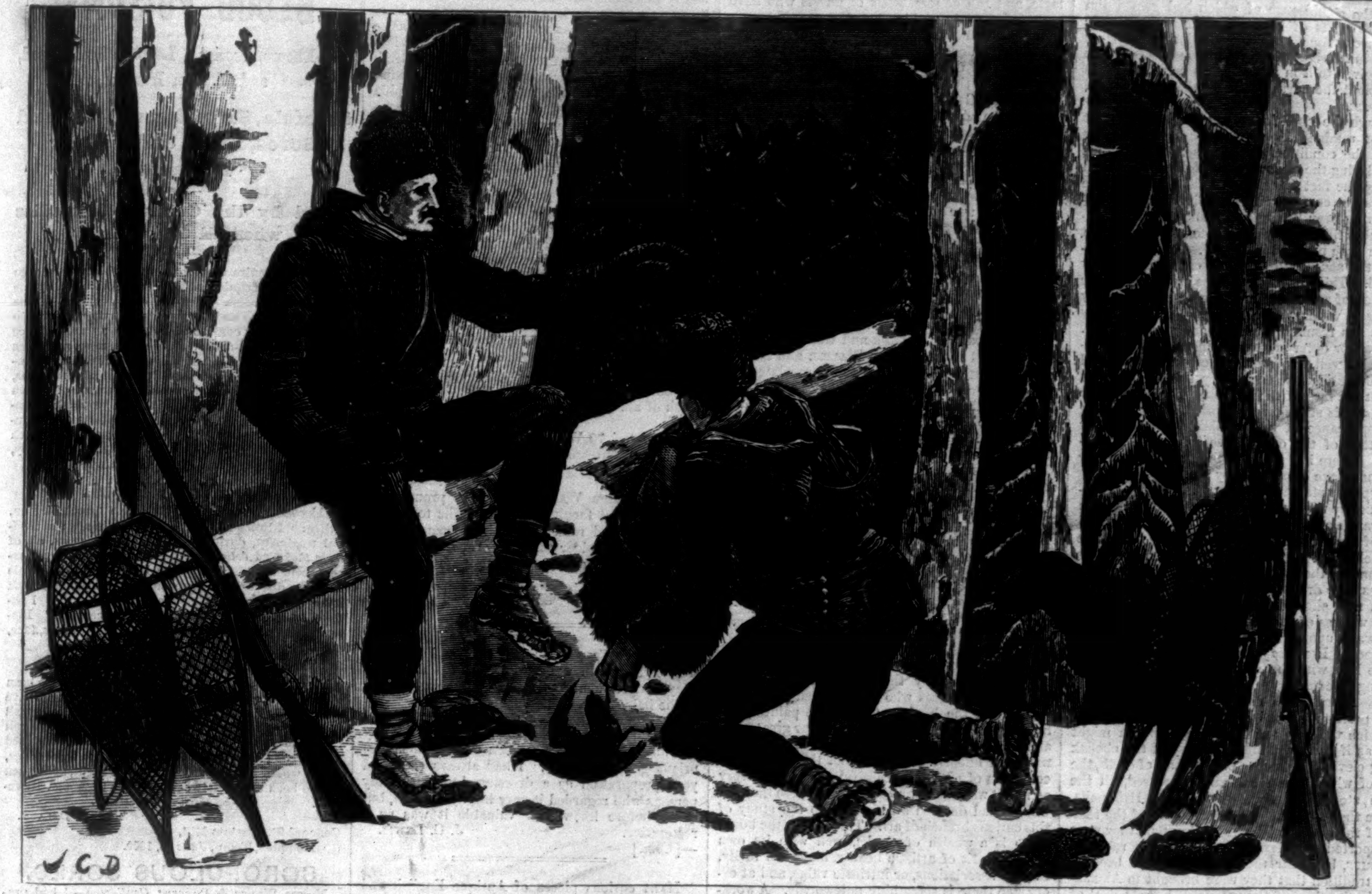
NEW-YEAR'S GREETINGS.

"Well, old fellow, how goes it?"

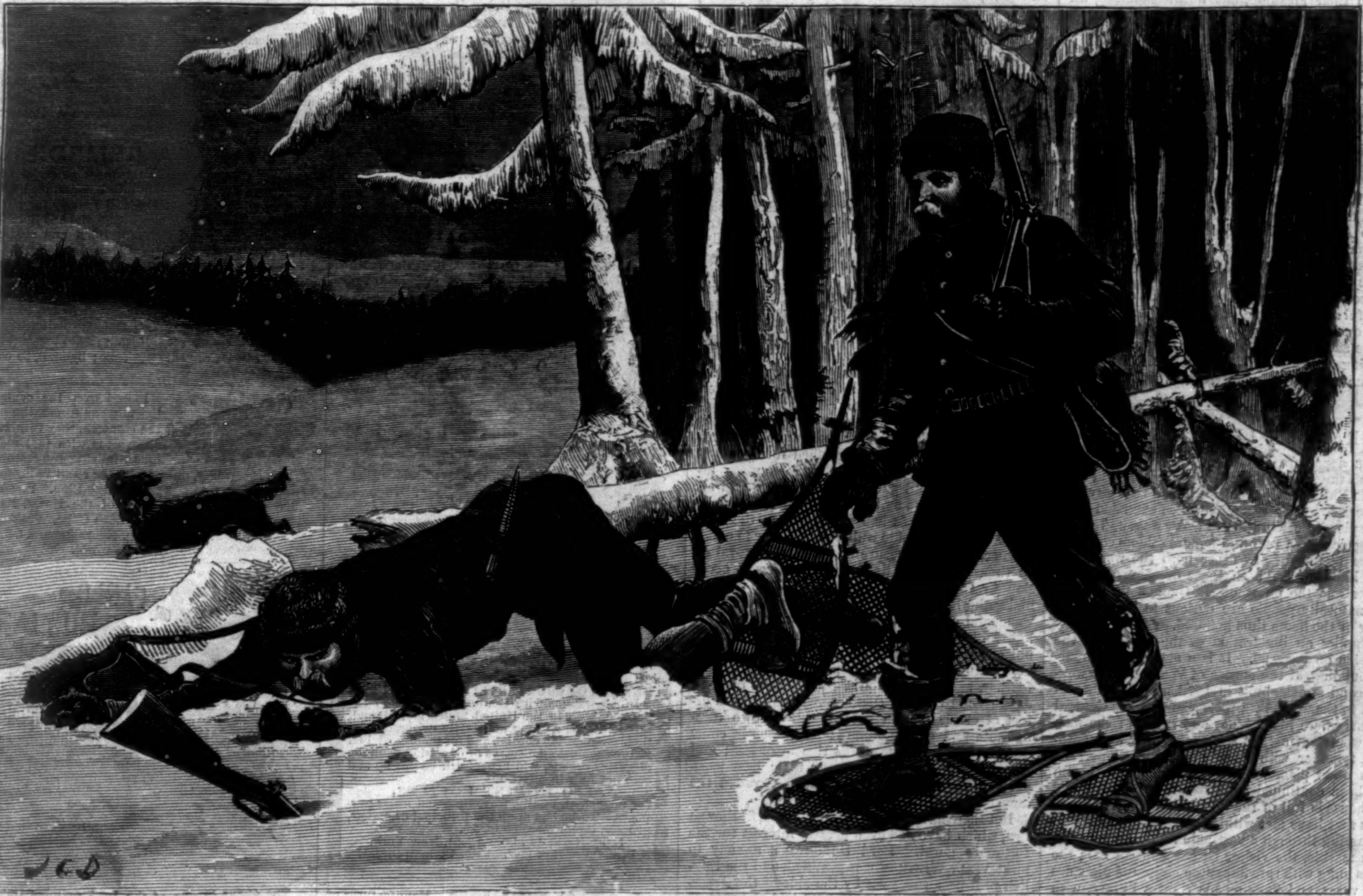
"Slow. Same old internal troubles. Scarcely over my Russian, Asiatic, and African."


GOD BLESS OUR HOME
NURSERY
THE CHAPEL

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 27.]



"WHICH WAY HOME?"



"HOLD UP! MIND THE TWIGS!"

CHRISTMAS-TIME IN NOVA SCOTIA.

CHRISTMAS-TIME IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The above illustrations convey a vivid idea of the tribulations that may beset those adventurous sportsmen who allow their fondness for excitement to allure them into the Northern wilds in the dead of winter. Our two friends have evidently been out to receive a Christmas dinner, and have lost their way in the dense forest, where, as a Hibernian author once wrote, "there is nothing but the shadows of the trees to guide their uncertain footsteps over the trackless waste." One of them appears to be inexperienced in the difficult art of walking with snow-shoes, and pays for his inexpertness by a plunge head-foremost into a snow-bank, his comrade's injunction coming too late to avert the catastrophe.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

The Egyptian obelisk now in process of removal to this country was presented to the United States by Ismail Pasha, father of the present Khedive. That the gift would have suffered a neglect similar to that shown by the English government toward the obelisk presented to it there can be no doubt, had it not been for the enterprise shown by our contemporary the New York *World*. At the present day our more important newspapers seem to be supplementing to a great degree the efforts of governments and individuals toward discovery and improvement of every kind. Energy, promptness, and decision form the genius of newspaper life, and it is quite in their line to push enterprise to the uttermost bounds of achievement.

The monolith which is about to find a novel resting-place on American soil was erected on its original site under the greatest of the Egyptian princes of the eighteenth dynasty, Thothmes III., the brother and successor of Hatshepu, the "woman-king," whose name is borne on the two great obelisks of Amen-ra. The inscriptions which have been deciphered upon the New York obelisk, as it may now be called, take us back, therefore, to a period more than fifteen centuries before Christ, and to the Aramæan age in the history of the Holy Land, which was invaded and conquered by Thothmes III. The monolith was perhaps gazed upon by Moses. It was an ancient monument, the significance of which had grown dim with the mists of time when AUGUSTUS CÆSAR and ANTONY fought out the question of universal empire in the sight of the voluptuous queen whose name, given to it in mistake, has made it known throughout the earth for more than a thousand years past.

Though the obelisk has remained standing, it has not retained its vertical position. This is due to the condition of the base. Excavations made during the removal of its fellow to London revealed the fact that not more than a third of the base was in contact with the plinth, the remainder having been broken away, and the intermediate spaces filled in with loose stones. This must in time have resulted in its fall. The hieroglyphics on the south and east faces are considerably injured. This is supposed to be owing to the fine particles of sand driven against these faces by the desert winds, though there is another theory that it has resulted from the action of the sun. The west or outer column of hieroglyphics is inexplicably well preserved. Those near the ground have been slightly marred by the stones piled against the face of the obelisk. The pyramid or upper end is still sharply pointed, and altogether the appearance of this obelisk is much better than that of the one on the Thames Embankment. There is a notch in the southwest corner that may have been made by a cannon-ball.

Egyptologists tell us how these great monoliths, nearly seventy feet high, were taken from the granite quarries at Syene by the skillful workmen of antiquity, and conveyed thence to Karnac and Heliopolis. In order to quarry them the stone was marked the whole length required, and metal wedges were driven into the line. Another plan, which also showed wonderful ingenuity, was to insert wedges of extremely dry wood, and then to pour water upon them till they split and displaced the stone. PLINY says that they were transported to the Nile with the aid of flat-bottomed boats, floating in canals specially prepared for the purpose. SHARPE says that they were placed in an erect position by cutting a groove in the pedestal, in which the lower edge of the monolith might turn as if it were a hinge, the top of the obelisk being elevated by means of a mound of earth, the size of which was continually increased, till the stone stood securely erect. From Heliopolis, where they stood before the entrance of the temple of the god Tum, or the Setting Sun, they were transported to Alexandria during the reign of TIBERIUS, but bear their popular name because of a tradition that they were brought to Alexandria in the time of CLEOPATRA. A great deal of controversy has raged among the learned in regard to their meaning, but notwithstanding all that has been said and written about them, as well as about other similar monuments which still stand in Egypt or have been transferred to Rome, Arles, Paris, and London, no absolute certainty as to their import has yet been reached.

Great opposition has been shown in Egypt, and especially in Alexandria, to the removal of a monument so long and so intimately associated with that city. The antagonism is perhaps greatest among the foreign residents, and especially the English. None of it has been able to avail anything, however, since the Khedive cordially indorses his father's action in presenting the obelisk to America. The arrangements for removing it are well under way, under the direction of Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, who has charge of the enterprise. Had the English obelisk not been safely conveyed to London, we might be doubtful about this one, but as it is, there seems to be no question that within a suitable time we shall see the subject of the engraving on our first page towering majestically upon a suitable site within the limits of our great metropolis.

GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE departure of General GRANT on his tour around the world was marked by a splendid ovation in Philadelphia. His return to that city was the occasion for a reception which exceeded even that splendid celebration in every way, and was a fitting close to a round of honors seldom equalled in the history of any other hero the world has ever known. On both these occasions General GRANT was the guest of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, and naturally people are curious to know something of the home thus honored. *Harper's Weekly* supplies an illustration of the interior of the mansion on page 25. It is a stately white marble building, at the corner of Walnut and Twenty-second streets, built in 1872, and first thrown open to the world by a reception given to General GRANT, where his cabinet and many of the men and women of note in the Quaker City were gathered, together with many distinguished persons from other places. The hospitality thus begun has been continued from that time onward, and the house is full of the memories of great assemblies that have met within its walls.

Passing through a vestibule richly ornamented with marble, the visitor enters a broad hall, the walls hung with rare Japanese cloisonné placques and vases, and finds on his right a library, with a wealth of rare and curious books and manuscripts that have given bibliographers material for many descriptions. On the walls hang portraits of GEORGE PEABODY and HENRY W. LONGFELLOW; on the book-shelves are rare editions of the great authors, many of them enriched with autographs and notes, while within its alcoves are manuscripts of inestimable value. The collection of letters by the Presidents of the United States is unequalled, while among its other treasures are such rarities as an original sermon by COTTON MATHER, a paper by HAWTHORNE, BRYANT'S First Book of the Iliad, and letters of BYRON, and MOORE, and GRAY, and BURNS, and POPE, and COLERIDGE, and SCHILLER, and LAMB. On the other side of the hall is a drawing-room, opening into a music-room, both decorated with exquisite taste, and full of memorials of guests who have gathered there in rapid succession.

Beyond is the dining-room. On its walls there is a cabinet filled with rare china; and a wonderful carving from the Black Forest, representing the conversion of the Germans, is appropriately mated with modern German bronzes of unusual splendor. Around the hospitable table have gathered some of the best people who have visited Philadelphia. GRANT has been a frequent guest, and around him have sat the generals who helped him to save the Union—SHERMAN and SHERIDAN, MEADE and HANCOCK, MCDOWELL and MCCLELLAN. Brazil was represented there by its Emperor and Empress, whose presence gave the Centennial Exhibition at least a continental if not a universal character. England has been welcomed there in its ambassadors, and noblemen whose titles are the least of their honors, such as Lord DUFFERIN, Lord ROSEBERY, Lord HOUGHTON, the Earl of Caithness, and Lord DUNRAVEN; and Dean STANLEY and CHARLES KINGSLEY, FROUDE and GOLDWIN SMITH, TYNDALL and HUXLEY, JOHN WALTER and Sir EDWARD THORNTON, have shared and appreciated the generous greeting given them in this country. Indeed, Lord HOUGHTON in his article describing his visit to America, and STANLEY in his, and DICKENS in his letters, and KINGSLEY in his, have all made the world witness of their enjoyment of Mr. CHILDS's hospitality. Our own best American men and women have been familiar guests around the well-spread table, and LONGFELLOW and HOLMES, BANCROFT and EMERSON, PEABODY and his successor J. S. MORGAN, HENRY WILSON and HAMILTON FISH, Professors HENRY and PROCTOR, have led the long list of the representatives of American genius and distinction that have shared in Mr. CHILDS's inexhaustible hospitality.

A broad staircase, with noble marble wainscot and rail, leads to the upper floors. One room above, the family sitting-room, is rich in photographs, signed by the originals, representing many of the guests who have shared the hearty welcome of the house. One of the paintings is by ERNEST LONGFELLOW, the son of our great poet, and an artist who gives promise of making a name for himself. In a cabinet there is such a collection of rare and beautiful carvings in ivory as might well make an observer suppose that Mr. CHILDS had devoted all his time to the study of this curious branch of art. Throughout the house there is a wealth of clocks, each with its own special merit of artistic beauty, historical rarity, famous associations, or intrinsic value, and at every step there is something noteworthy. A working library is comfortably housed in a quiet nook on the top floor of the house, and there the student might find the best books of the best writers, and material for almost any direction of literary investigation. Here, too, there is an organ and a musical library of the great masters, showing that the heavenly art is diligently pursued in its highest forms, just as the two grand pianos in the alcove opening out of and making part of the great drawing-room bear evidence to the fact that not all the engrossing cares of the host, nor the manifold charitable claims upon his time and purse, deprive him of the solace of good music. It was to this house that General GRANT returned to receive the hearty welcome of his Philadelphia friends, who came to pay their respects to Mr. CHILDS's guest in quiet, unostentatious, friendly fashion.

In this same house General GRANT was the chief at a famous gathering, met on Mr. CHILDS's invitation, on the evening of the 10th of May, 1876, to celebrate the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. The President of the United States and Mrs. GRANT, all the members of his cabinet, the Supreme Court of the United States, the leaders of Congress, the Governors of ten or a dozen States, the chiefs of our army and navy, the diplomatic representatives of all the foreign countries in this country, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the numerous and distinguished foreign Commissioners to the Centennial, and as many famous men from all parts of this country and all its varied interests and pursuits, filled the great halls of Mr. CHILDS's house, and lent to the Centennial that social side which went so far to make its success, and to secure the hearty approval of its thousands of visitors. On a different occasion Mr. CHILDS brought together all the Centennial authorities—their name was legion—and their wonderful costumes, striking decorations, and delightful incongruity of tongues made a gathering not easily described or forgotten. Chinamen in heavy stuffs, and with the pigtail, the peacock's feather, and the mandarin's mysterious button; Japanese in uniform that showed the baneful effect of civilization in banishing their own comfortable and easy costumes; Egyptians in court dresses and fez; Europeans rich in orders; and Americans whose names were their best passports both at home and abroad—crowded the mansion.

But there have been gatherings there, fit though few, which have had even greater interest for the fortunate guest. Lord HOUGHTON's anxiety to meet WALT WHITMAN was gratified, and the English poet-peer there sat by the side of the American poet whose wood-note wild had sounded so attractively in the ear of his far-off reader. Dean STANLEY held high converse with the liberal clergymen of all types and schools of theology, and shared with them in discussing the methods and the hope of making the world wiser and better by setting it the example of a religion broad enough to take in all who seek to make life purer and nobler. The Marquis de Rochambeau was welcomed there as the representative of a name dear to every American, for his ancestor was the leader of the French allied force that helped to make the Revolution and to establish the independence of this country. EDMUND QUINCY, both for his own sake as an indefatigable worker, and as the representative of one of the honored historic names of our own earliest days, was received with hearty welcome; and ROBERT C. WINTHROP, with a lineage that goes back to the earliest of New England's leaders, and HAMILTON FISH, with the double claim of ancestral merit and of his own services to the state, and WILLIAM M. EVARTS, as the leader of the American bar, were glad to meet around Mr. CHILDS's hospitable tables the Philadelphia lawyers whose names recall their ancestors—RAWLES and CADWALLADERS, INGERSOLLS and MORRIS, MCKEANS and FISHERS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *July* 30, 1879.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Gentlemen,—I consider it a duty I owe mankind to inform you of the benefit I have derived since last Sunday evening, when I took my first 40 drops of "Constitution Water," recommended by a friend, it having cured him of kidney trouble. I have suffered great pain across the small of my back, so acute that it would awaken me out of a sound sleep; but, thanks to your medicine, I am now entirely well, and have not taken six doses in all. Your remedy is well worth $10 per bottle, but the price, $1, puts it within the reach of all. Yours truly,

ROBERT CATHCART,
70 West 19th St., New York City.

Ask your Druggist for it.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician.

For Sale by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair.

CHICAGO, *May* 12, 1871.

Since the recent use of your COCOAINE, my previously bald head has been covered by a luxuriant growth of hair. I had always esteemed your preparation as a dressing, knowing many persons who regarded it very highly as such, but never before knew how valuable it was as a restorative. J. G. LEWIS.
—[*Com.*]

MANY curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by HOWARD & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

ALLEN'S Brain Food positively cures nervous debility. $1. Send for Circular. 315 1st Av. N. Y.–[*Com*]

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Scrofula, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Liver and Kidney Diseases,

Cured by the Cuticura Remedies when all Others fail.

It would require every column of this paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the Cuticura Remedies. Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt-rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face; scald-head with loss of hair without number; heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs; psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases; scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds; each and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

SALT-RHEUM.

Alderman J. A. Tucker, 13 Doane Street, Boston, writes: "I think I have paid for medicines and medical treatment, during the last twenty years, all of *three thousand dollars*, without receiving any permanent benefit. Since my cure I have had no trouble from the disease, and have not had such good health in twenty years as during the last six months. I believe it the greatest discovery of this century." Disease: Eczema or Salt-Rheum of the body, limbs, face, and scalp.

PSORIASIS.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—I have been afflicted for nineteen years with Psoriasis, and have spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and stuff they call blood purifiers. Doctors did not know what to call my disease. I would scratch nights until I scratched myself raw; then it would dry and form into scales, which would all be scratched off next night, and so on. I have been completely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Most Respectfully,
THOMAS DELANY.
Concord St., Custom Mill,
Memphis, Tenn., *June* 16, 1879.

SCROFULOUS SORES.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—I had running sores on my left leg for seven years, which reduced my limb to simple skin and bone, and unable to support my weight unless swathed in bandages. A consultation of physicians at the City Hospital of Boston decided that it would have to be amputated to save my life. Such was my condition when I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which have effectually cured me, in gratitude for which I make this public statement of my case.
JOSEPH A. PALMER.
Hudson, Mass., *July*, 1879.

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CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Liver Stimulant ever compounded.

CUTICURA is the great external remedy for all Humors of the Scalp and Skin, Ulcers and Old Sores.

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Prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and 8 Snow Hill, London, and for sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Prices of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS Placed over the centre of the nervous forces, the pit of the stomach, they furnish the absorbents with that marvellous vitalizing and restorative agency, Electricity, united with the curative properties of our own fragrant Balsams and Pine. For Weak and Sore Lungs, Palpitation of the Heart, Painful Kidneys, Liver Complaint, Bilious Colic, Weak Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sciatica, they are the best remedy in the world.

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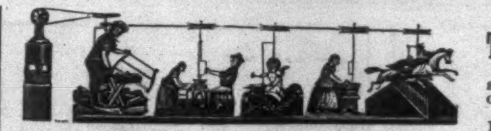

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